LADIES' JOURNAL

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TORONTO, MARCH, 1885.

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IN

BABY CARRIAGES!

In Selecting a Baby Carriage be Particular to See

1st.—That the Wood-work is thoroughly well-seasoned. Many a carriage is made from half-seasoned stuff, which will warp and crack, the paint and putty hardly concealing the defects till the machine is out of the shop-keeper's hands.

2nd.—The running gear should be perfectly true or it will be almost impossible to keep the carriage on the side-walk. Save yourself labor and annoyance by seeing that your carriage will run true to a line.

3rd.—The Upholstering, if it is to be serviceable, must be of good strong material, and fitted to the body by experienced workmen. A mere lining without strength enough to hold the buttons will soon become a baggy receptable for dust.

4th.—Have some style about it. Competition brings the talent of the best designers to bear even on the most staple carriages, and for no more money than you pay for old styles you may have the "newest thing out."

The F. A. Whitney Carriage Co.'s Baby Carriages

meet every point fully. The company has ample capital and facilities to select and store lumber until it is fully seasoned for use. Their works and lumber yard cover many acres and carry an immense supply of the very best stuff for wheels, bodies and gearing. They manufacture their own wheels and gearing and enjoy the reputation of excelling in this department all the makers in the United States. They employ skilled carriage upholsterers, and buy their material direct from the loom. Their supply of fabrics for upholstering and trimming exceeds the stock of many a dry-goods store. Skilled designers and mechanics devote their time to the perfecting of new styles, and, as a result, an average of ONE HUNDRED CARRIAGES per day throughout the entire year, and turned out in such a manner as to give comfort and pleasure to those who use them, and entire satisfaction to dealers who handle them.

The accompanying cuts exhibit three out of more than one hundred styles contained in this year's catalogue, which cover the entire range of price from the cheapest to the most expensive, but the workmanship of each and every one is FIRST-CLASS. Ask your dealer for a Whitney carriage, take no other. See that it is branded F. A. W. C. If your dealer can't supply them, write the undersigned, who will give you the address of nearest Agent.

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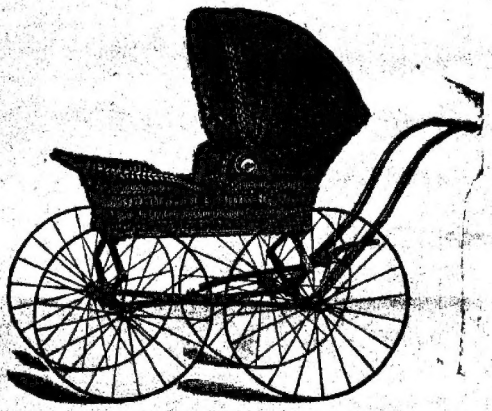

☞ Dealers who want Agencies for their locality please communicate at once.

SMITH & FUDGER, 48 & 50 YONGE ST., TORONTO, ON

THE LADIES' JOURNAL.

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ILLUSTRATED DESIGNS.

March at the North is not a month when the brilliant in costume flourishes. At the best it is fitful, blustering, and uncertain, and only holds in its occasional gleams of sunshine the promise of brighter days to come. It is a month also when fasting has succeeded to feasting, at least to a certain extent, when the notes of preparation begin to be sounded for the breaking up that comes to so many with the spring, when the occupations are more those of necessity at home than of social enjoyment abroad. The "fore-handed," those judicious and sensible people who "take time by the fore-lock," and are therefore never "behind" in anything, use this gusty, boisterous month largely for spring sewing, for investigating the condition of wardrobes, bureau drawers and linen closets, and making such additions as seem desirable. The designs illustrated in the present number will, it is hoped, prove serviceable to those of our readers who engage in this laudable employment.

A new complete costume will be found in the "Allerton," which is arranged in a novel and very stylish manner. The skirt is trimmed with bias folds, two of which extend all the way round, the upper two only as far as the opening of the drapery at the sides renders necessary. The folds are headed with bands of braid or embroidery. The drapery at the back is mounted upon the back of the jacket, the front is attached to the same belt as the skirt, the jacket falling away from it in points, over a vest which is not simulated, but independent, so that it may be made of wash leather, or any other material preferred, or of the same, if that is liked better than a contrast. A narrow plaiting surrounds the bottom of the skirt, and the braid is arranged so that it is displayed to the best advantage.

The "Carina" skirt is also new, and one of the prettiest, most stylish examples of recent ideas. The material is mounted upon a lining which is edged with a narrow plaiting. The knitted front is surmounted by a drapery which forms a short apron arranged in shell-like folds and gathered at the sides above the panels, where it joins a graceful, though somewhat bouffant drapery, which terminates in straight folds at the back.

The "Cressida" skirt is a most excellent model, very effective, and well adapted to the materials which have plush designs capable of the distinctive arrangement displayed in this handsome skirt, but otherwise easily produced by an application of circular or diamond-shaped ornaments. The plaiting at the back is very stylish, and with the panels form a straight skirt, which is at once elegant, if handsome materials are used, and free from monotony. The front breadth is plain, but a positive character may be given to it by the use of a figured material in combination with the plain, though this is not necessary, and would possibly detract from rather than add to the effect. A plush jacket would be useful and suitable for wear with it, if the ornaments were plush, and this would render it warm enough for a complete spring costume.

STREET COSTUMES.

Fig. 1.—This stylish street costume is made in fir-green bison cloth, and shows the "Berwick" jacket and "Cressida" skirt in unison. The garniture is "Kursheedt's Standard" mohair braid matching the cloth in color. The hat worn with this costume is a dark green felt, slightly rolled at the side and intended to be worn over the face. It is prettily trimmed with velvet and fancy feathers. For cloth and all woollen textures this is an excellent design. A combination can be appropriately made in this way, or one material may be used throughout. The trimming is most effective when arranged as illustrated, though any variation that taste may suggest can of course be substituted. Both of the patterns are illustrated separately elsewhere and in the accompanying description the quantity of material required for each is stated. Price of jacket pattern, twenty-five cents each size. Skirt pattern thirty cents.

Fig. 2.—The "Larchmont" polisse, an admirable wrap for traveling, riding or walking which by many is preferred to the ulster or Newmarket. It is represented in brown Cheviot inwrought with small colored figures, the sleeves are gathered into cuffs of brown velvet, and the turn-over collar is also of velvet. Any preferred style of costume may be worn with this wrap, though a simple costume is most appropriate, as the polisse covers all except the lower portion of the skirt, which is always pretty when trimmed, like the one shown in the figure, with a narrow box-plaiting. The brown velvet bonnet is embroidered in gold and trimmed with lace and small red berries mixed with golden leaves and an aigrette. The strings are of narrow velvet ribbon. Any of the varieties of plain or fancy cloakings can be satisfactorily made in this way. The double illustration given elsewhere shows the arrangement of the front, and is accompanied by a description in which the quantity of material required for a medium size is stated. The pattern is in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.

The "Berwick" jacket is a useful model, not suitable for a dress, but excellent for outer wear in tricot cloth, plush, or Astrakhan. It is double-breasted, excellent for trans-Atlantic travel, or for home wear in the Northwest, where the summer comes slowly, and a close protective garment is rarely out of place. It differs from former jackets of recent "Jersey" styles, in its full-plaited back, which gives abundant room to the fullness of the dress skirt.

The "Marj laine" visite will be found most suitable and useful as an accompaniment to dressy spring suits. It is very short, and fits closely into the back, where it is held by an interior waist belt. The front and side pieces form sleeves, through which the arm slips without difficulty, affording the comfort of a jacket with the size of a cape, and without the necessity of pulling on a tight-fitting sleeve, which ladies especially dislike in a garment to be worn over a handsome dress.

The "Larchmont" polisse gives to ladies who want a practical garment for spring or traveling wear, an extremely stylish and useful design. The front is sacque-shaped, and can be butt ned down the entire length if required, the back is fitted by by a curved seam, and to do this the fulness is attached and "set up" by sewing it on in a reversed manner. The sleeves are formed of the shoulder-pieces and are slightly gathered into cuffs of velvet lined with silk. The collar is also velvet. This cloak may be made in black silk figured in a small shell, or geometrical pattern; or it may be made camel's-hair and lined with twilled surah, for summer wear it may be, made in mohair or linen, and would be very handsome in closely figured black lace, lined with silk, and with gathered lace instead of velvet for cuffs and collar.

The "Margot" corset cover is a pretty form, square-cut, close-fitting and well-shaped. The square is formed of insertion and edging, the cover of Lonsdale, Wamsutta or any other good, soft-finished cambric.

MUSIC AND MORALS.

The effect of music on the moral nature can scarcely be better expressed than in the words of good old Bishop Beveridge, who thus speaks of the influence of the Divine art on himself:—"It calls in my spirits, composes my thoughts, delights my ear, recreates my mind, and so not only fits me for after business, but fills my heart at the present with pure and useful thoughts; so that when the music sounds the sweetest in my ears, truth commonly flows the clearest in my mind, and hence it is that my soul is become more harmonious by being accustomed so much to harmony."

Be not penny-wise; riches have wings, and sometimes fly away of themselves; sometimes they must be set flying to bring in more.

The past is disclosed the future concealed in doubt. And yet human nature is heedless of the past, and fearful of the future—regarding not the science and experience that past ages have unveiled.

A MYSTERIOUS MURDER.

"On taking a hasty survey of the scene of the tragedy, I noted with great surprise that the chamber had not apparently been despoiled of its riches. A massive plate-chest close by her bed was secure—at least to superficial observation; a purse and some rings—costly ones, so far as I could judge—lay untouched upon the antique toilet-table. I noticed that a key from which a bunch of others depended was in the lock of an exquisite Italian casket which stood on the table beside the mirror. However, it was possible—nay, probable—that the dead woman had left the keys there the night before. I was greatly disinclined to examine anything, or, truth to say, even to remain with the silent blood-stained form longer than necessary; so, closing the door, I descended the stairs and rejoined Linceforth, with whom I returned to Ashcombe. There our first duty was with the police-superintendent, to whom we delivered up the key of the murder chamber and with whom we were forced to spend nearly an hour in giving the necessary information.

"After engaging to appear at the forthcoming examination and to assist in his investigations, we were at last free to depart—I wild with impatience to see Gladys, and horribly afraid meanwhile of the stories that had got afloat already, and had no doubt been carried to her. The event proved that my fears were not ill-founded, for a messenger from Aston-on-the-Hill was awaiting me at the surgery with directions to proceed at once to Mr. De Winton's, as Brown, Miss Pierrepoint's gardner, had gone thither straightway on leaving Doctor Linceforth, and, precipitately entering the garden, met Gladys, who—poor child!—was at that moment expecting me. Of course he blurted out his news and spared none of the horrors, with the usual desire of the lower class to produce a sensational effect and create a scene on which they can afterwards expatiate with gusto.

"In this case the result was that Gladys fell down 'in a dead faint fit, sir, stone dead,' said my messenger, and had remained insensible for nearly an hour, according to the account of the old housekeeper who had sent him for me.

"I hurried to the house with vague terror filling all my soul, but not unprepared for what I was to find. Recovering from her long swoon, Gladys had only relapsed into that almost cataleptic condition of which I had previously observed some symptoms, and which had caused me the uneasiness to which I have before referred. She scarcely noticed my presence, except to shudder when I touched her, and almost, as I fancied, to shrink from me. I noted her feeble, irregular pulse, and watched carefully for indications of fever, or of cerebral excitement; the abnormal mental condition I had observed before seemed by this shock to be revived and exaggerated. I remained with her some hours, to the neglect, be it said, of my other duties; but it was impossible to leave her then, and her sad state made me more passionately tender and anxious than I had ever felt before.

"I had the satisfaction of seeing some degree at least of ordinary sensibility restored before I returned, heavy-hearted, to my daily work. The first expression of this return of consciousness, if I may so phrase it, was her eager desire that we should not in any way refer to what had happened at the Moat.

"'Don't say a word in my hearing—not even the name of the house, Harold. Let me pretend to forget—at least, I can't bear what has been done. Save me, oh, save me from that if you love me, Harold!'

"Need I say how I promised or how earnestly I strove to soothe and comfort her?

"I must now ask you to return with me to the chamber of horror and the subject of this most mysterious murder.

"Mr. De Winton, accompanied by our local magistrate, went over to the Moat with the police inspector and a celebrated detective from Scotland Yard. The whole house and premises, even to the shrubbery and orchard, were carefully explored, and the least point of suspicion or interest noted and stored up for future use. The task of examining the servants, from the two stolid innocent rustic maidens who formed the household staff of the murdered woman to the utterly wooden gardner and his assistant, was at last accomplished—a long and tedious process, during which our detective never lost patience or sight of his object, following steadily through many devious ways with intense skill and care. The house had been overhauled with almost microscopic minuteness—indeed I *once* found the detective on his knees examining the carpet by Miss Pierrepoint's bed with a large *magnifying-glass*! Nothing that could be brought forth into the light of day was left in darkness, and the exploration of the house had been perfectly systematic throughout, beginning with Miss Pierrepoint's chamber and extending from there to every room in the house; and the result was general bewilderment to the uninitiated and serious anxiety to our experienced detective. The utter absence of all motive, combined with the fact that the murderer had not left a trace behind him, made the case more than usually difficult.

"The one motive for the murder, if it could be called a 'motive,' lay in the fact that the Pierrepoint diamonds—Gladys's inheritance—had been extracted from the toilet-table; But at the same time many valuable gems had been left untouched—Some opals of great size and fineness were noticeable among these. Then the cases containing the diamonds had not been roughly despoiled of their contents; but opened carefully and replaced empty in their separate compartments; so far there had evidently been no hurry. The iron safe, too, the key of which was on the bunch attached to the casket, containing considerable treasure in the form of gold plate, much of which was valuable—nay, priceless almost—from the artistic workmanship thereof; but all this was quite intact.

"The weapon used for the murder had been taken from the butler's pantry, which opened into the hall, and the door of which, the housemaid deposed, stood wide open when she came down-stairs on the morning of the fatal fourth. There was not a trace, not a foot-mark either in the room, on the stairs, or in the hall below; every door was fast as it had been on the night before. To this both servants bore unshaken testimony when examined—in fact, they saw nothing to arouse their suspicions until they went, as usual, at nine o'clock to carry up Miss Pierrepoint's breakfast. No windows had been left unfastened, with one exception. The windows in the drawing-room were extremely ancient and curious in their construction, and each of them was divided into three lance-shaped compartments, the central one being wider than those on either side All these we found secure, save one, a narrow side window, the fastening of which, we learnt, had been broken for years, and that window was open nearly half-way.

"The detective laid a stealthy hand upon my shoulder, and said, with quiet meaning—

"'That was the way he went; now I have a clue!'

"The window was so narrow that only a boy or a very slimly built man could have effected an entrance through it. We scrutinized the lawn just beneath the window; but the short velvet turf had not retained the impression of any foot, whether light or heavy; and there was no trace—absolutely none.

"Day after day our detective pondered the matter, watched the house and all connected with it, drew a secret cordon round the village, and had the surrounding country scoured by able men under his own direction, meanwhile sending the most precise instructions to London for extra scrutiny of thieves' quarters and suspected neighborhoods.

"Nothing that care or skill could do had been left undone, and the result was absolute and entire ignorance; the wisest of us knew no more than we had known on the first morning. The mystery of Miss Pierrepoint's murder remained unsolved; every clue the eager detective imagined he had obtained led nowhither and ended in disappointment. Poor Brown the gardener remained under suspicion for some time; but nothing tended in the slightest degree to incriminate him, and the surveillance of the detective gradually ceased.

"I pass over the sickening details of the inquest. A verdict of 'Murdered by some person or persons unknown' was returned; and the funeral took place shortly afterwards. I was glad indeed when the repulsive business was ended, as it left me comparatively free to devote still greater attention to Gladys, whose health now began to cause me real alarm. In a few weeks she had wasted to a shadow of her former self, while her eyes grew still more bright and beautiful. The death of Miss Pierrepoint had been a hideous shock to the too-sensitive soul of the visionary girl, and I was completely absorbed in my fear for her. I went through my professional work faithfully, and the patients saw no outward change in me; but my work, which had previously been also my hobby, now became merely a hateful necessity which kept me from Gladys's side for the greater part of the day.

"I begged Mr. De Winton, who was much less easily alarmed than myself, to let her go away for a total change, to take her into the society he had adjured for so long—anything, in short, to keep her from dwelling upon the horrors of which she never spoke. He listened to my representations, and at length unwillingly agreed to break through the chains of long use and wont—which, at his age, was a very great concession—and to take Gladys to London for some months, when an unexpected obstacle met us, and this was Gladys's invincible determination to remain at Ashcombe.

"I found it impossible to withstand her piteous little entreaties not to send her away, to let her stay with me a little while, only a little longer! She assured me that I did not know what I was trying to do, and that to take her away from Ashcombe would kill her. The end of it all was that she had her way, more powerful with me now in weakness and distress than she had ever been in the old wilful imperious days that seemed to have receded into some dim past.

"The next month appeared to prove that Gladys had been right in her estimate, and she really grew somewhat better and stronger. Something too of her ancient gaiety returned; but her moods were even more variable and fitful than of yore; wherefore my anxiety never abated for a moment, and the necessity for taking her under my more special and immediate care seemed every day to grow more urgent. I told her uncle, and used a thousand arguments and all my eloquence to convince him that an early marriage would be beneficial for Gladys; but my allegations were most unexpectedly strengthened by the opinion of dear old Linceforth, who, on being consulted privately by Mr. De Winton, entirely concurred in my views of her case, and trusted to fresh influences and a new interest in life to do much toward effacing the morbid element from her nature and giving her an interest in things purely human and mundane.

"No pressing monetary anxieties here intervened to spoil my plans, for the one solitary ray of good fortune that had come to me in these evil months since Miss Pierrepoint's murder had been the addition of about two hundred a year to my income, which accrued to me from the death of an uncle in India whose namesake I was. Ah, Bentley, if this had happened but three years earlier, how totally changed my whole career would have been by so simple a thing as a little money! Yet what failures and miseries we experience in life just for want of that same 'dross'!

"Mr. De Winton at length yielded to my arguments, only stipulating that after our wedding, which would necessarily be of the quietest and most private nature, we were to share his home, as he could not, for the years remaining to him, spare Gladys altogether. In this bad arrangement, little as I liked it—less for Gladys's sake than for my own—I found myself obliged to acquiesce.

"The beginning of October was fixed for our marriage, Gladys consenting almost wearily to the arrangements I made, though at times her old love for me asserted itself with a passion and intensity almost startling to any one less accustomed to her panther-like moods; at others she was cold and listless, indifferent almost.

"The summer wore away through a period of intense heat, which happily seemed to agree with my fragile white rose; and autumn drew on slowly, far too slowly for my twofold anxiety and impatience.

"Towards the middle of September I had all my old fears reawakened and increased tenfold by a great and terrible change in Gladys. The cloud that at times had seemed to darken her wondrous pathetic eyes now made them heavy and lustreless for many days together, and the trance-like phase returned again, with new symptoms of an abnormal mental condition which were most distressing to witness. To this was to be added her own account, all unwillingly given, of restless nights in which familiar things became strange and mixed with broken dreams of haunting troubles and hideous forms seen dimly. But worse than those were nights made horrible, she said, by a profound unresting dream-sleep, from which she invariably awoke utterly exhausted in mind and body, worn out and weakened beyond expression. I found on close enquiry that she had experienced nights of this kind at long irregular intervals for years past, and that such nights were invariably followed by one of the 'bad' days that had formerly so perplexed and puzzled me.

"All that I saw and heard so alarmed me that I sought and obtained permission from Mr. De Winton to spend a few nights in the house unknown to Gladys, lest she in return became alarmed about herself; and it was arranged I should sleep in a room adjoining his dressing-room and not far from the dainty chamber that held my treasure.

"I was always a light sleeper, and, once under the same roof with Gladys, I became so exceedingly restless that I should almost have been tempted to try the effect of an opiate if my anxiety to be ready at all times to serve her had not overmastered every other consideration. The third night, I remember, that I watched instead of sleeping was an intolerably hot one for the time of year, sultry as August, with lurid clouds and threatenings of a storm at sunset. My windows were wide open for coolness, and I was lying half-dressed upon a sofa and smoking a last pipe before 'turning in,' with a vain determination to sleep that night at any rate.

"It was something past midnight, and a brilliant September moon, partly obscured by the flying storm-clouds, shone in at my window. I smoked on, and dreamed of the new life that I was so soon now to begin with Gladys. Sad and different though it would be from all I had ever planned, yet I was full of hope and faith in the future. 'A life with Gladys!' I repeated softly, when a sound—the very lightest footfall—outside my door fell on my quick ears—the veritable ghost of a sound, so light that I half-persuaded myself it was fancy or some wakeful mouse; but the vague fear and unrest which now always possessed me made me almost instantly rise and open the door, when, to my surprise and momentary terror, I beheld a slender shape in a dull dark-colored robe swiftly descending the oaken staircase. A ray of moonlight fell on her through the colored panes of the staircase window, and I saw—Gladys! In the same moment I was well assured she was walking in her sleep, and I followed, swift and silent as herself. I feared to awaken her, and I yearned to be able to save her from any evil result of somnambulism.

"Straight on into the darkness of the hall she walked, and entering the library, crossed at once to the large French window, which she opened easily, and so passed out into the garden. I pressed closer and closer, full of horror and distress, but dreading to startle or awaken her. She went on steadily through the garden, and out by a little door at which—oh, Heaven!—she used once to await my coming. On and on, fully two miles through the meadows wet with heavy dew, I followed her straight to the Moat—on and on, with beating pulses and bated breath, seeing, being conscious of nothing save Gladys. For her sake how I rejoiced the darkened moon—there was less chance of her being seen by some skulking poacher, the only soul likely to be abroad in Ashcombe at that time of night.

"I began now dimly to see how the shock of the murder had affected the delicately sensitive nervous organism and all too excitable brain, so that a sleep-walking tendency, hitherto only suspected by me, had developed into real somnambulism under the influence of the shock, and she had been driven during sleep by the morbid fascination of terror to visit the scene which during her waking hours she could not even endure to hear mentioned.

"But new lights were to dawn on this mysterious aspect of somnambulism. It is impossible even to shadow forth faintly the

anguish, the agony of apprehension I endured when I saw Gladys glide over the lawn in the direction of the window with the broken latch, raise it as deliberately and mechanically as she had done everything since she descended the stairs of her own house, and slip through the open space—a feat quite easy of accomplishment to herself, but impossible to my more-than-usually broad shoulders. I paused an instant in despair.

"To rouse the couple of farm-laborers who had been engaged as care-takers of the now-deserted house was not to be thought of; but the next minute I recollected—what no one save myself knew—that the detective, having been summoned to London that morning—for he still reappeared at intervals on the scene of the mystery—had left the key of the sideboard in my possession. I felt in my waistcoat-pocket—I was coatless, hatless, shoeless—the little key was there; and in less time than I have occupied in telling you I had hurried round to the door, entered the house, and was following the spectre clad in dusky red. Up-stairs, through the gloom and silence of the dark old house, I crept breathless, my heart throbbing horribly, audibly, as it seemed to me in the stillness.

"I could scarcely see her now against the blackness of the old oak-panelled walls; but on the broad landing she emerged into a sudden flood of brilliant ghastly moonlight. Great Heaven, the mystery was about to be solved now! I saw my white rose, with something in her hand gleaming in the unearthly light, pause for a second before the empty chamber of the murder, enter, and, gliding towards the vacant bed, she raised her hand and struck suddenly, sharply, the blow falling upon the pillows where the dead woman's head had rested on that dread night in June.

"How I recalled it all, seeing the awful tragedy enacted over again before my eyes! Almost insane with horror and speechless anguish, I thought I again saw the ghastly face, the head thrown a little back, leaving throat and bosom exposed. The very air was bloody.

"Gladys stood a full minute by the bed—to me it was an hour of intolerable torture. My head swam, while flickering flames and black figures danced before my bursting eyeballs and reeling brain; and, as I thought I could endure the hellish vision no longer, Gladys turned, the knife fell heavily from her hand, and she moved uncertainly towards the toilet-table. But strength failed her now; she faltered, and would have fallen but that I caught her suddenly in my arms; and for the minute I believed—nay, hoped—she was dead—I loved her so. But she was only in the stupor of a deep swoon. Exhausted nature had intervened to prevent the re-enactment of the whole tragedy.

"I was a long time—how long I do not know—trying to bring back life to the white figure in my arms—alone there in the awful moonlight, unable, from the imperative necessity for concealment at all risks, to obtain help or stimulants, anything save water, and that I fetched quietly and wearily from a well in the court-yard.

"At last life came sighing back wearily; short sobs and moans shook the poor wasted bosom I was looking down upon with such love and anguish. Presently, with a low awful cry, she turned and clung to me, saying brokenly—

"'What have I done? I see! Oh, horror! My own Harold, say this isn't true! Broken glimpses I remember—nothing clearly! Harold, Harold, say I have dreamed once more!' Then after a pause, with shuddering sobs that convulsed her whole frame, she cried, 'Who brought me here?'—a piteous entreaty in her voice; and I felt her burning lips tremble on my cheek in the merciful darkness that shrouded us now.

"For the time I had no power to speak, and the silence answered her. Moaning feebly, she strove to slip from my arms upon the floor. Then I raised her, and took her out into the air—how I know not; but I must have locked the door again by which we went out, and taken every possible precaution, just as if I had been in steady possession of my senses, instead of acting under the influence of delirium, as I now know I did. I cannot tell either how I carried her home; some superhuman strength aided me in my set desperate determination to save her if I died for it.

"But at length I laid her upon her own bed, deathly still and silent, just as dawn was breaking over the tall elms in the garden below her window. I hoped the merciful end was come; I prayed silently for it, though my lips were still. But I had yet to endure and to conceal.

"The stupor and silence passed suddenly into awful epileptic convulsions; I have never either before or since in all my experience witnessed so terrible a seizure. Nothing save death or madness could end this crowning agony; and for her I knew it must be death.

"I aroused the household, explaining that I had been disturbed by unusual sounds, and so had come to her assistance; but the terror of the moment so impressed them all that they scarcely heard or heeded any explanations.

"I never left her for an instant. All that I or Lincefforth, who was speedily with us, could do or devise was done to no avail: the case was hopeless from the first. After twenty hours of torture, during which her form passed from one convulsion to another without cessation, came an interval of peace.

"'My poor boy,' said Lincefforth, putting his hand tenderly upon my head as I knelt by her pillow, my eyes fixed upon her now passive face—'my poor boy, she is dying! An hour or two will end it all.'

"I silently bowed my head, and blessed Heaven for such mercy. A little before the end she became conscious, and, looking at me with longing eyes, I saw that she strove to say something. I motioned her uncle and the nurse away, and bent down to the white lips.

"'Love,' she uttered faintly, 'was I asleep both times?'

"'Yes,' I answered fervently.

"'I knew nothing'—still more faintly—'till news came; then some forgotten knowledge'—a long pause—'seemed to pierce my brain—after all forgotten—the diamonds—where are—the diamonds?' The last murmur came in a few minutes and was scarcely audible even to me. 'Love—dying—so—best—for you!'

"And Gladys was safe, beyond the reach of a world which could only appraise things done

"'Which took the eye and had their price,'

virtues or vices—from all these set free and saved.

"A single night had ruined her hair's gold; it was flecked now with streaks of snow.

"I fell down senseless by the side of my storm-shattered white rose, and for an hour forgot her and all things. That hour saved life and brain too.

"The diamonds were never found; I hope they never may be—in my time, at least. I have hidden the truth from the whole world these many years. I long had a morbid terror that I could not shake off, and which beset me for years, of some unlooked-for discovery that should, despite my care, make her name a name of infamy and horror and eternally defile her memory with the stain of blood.

"You know my story and my suffering now; but who shall solve this hideous psychological and physiological problem? Who has mastered the subtleties of the brain and its hidden workings in health and disease?" R. F.

SHE THOUGHT.

A well-known clergyman tells the following story against himself—"I was writing by my study window, and a little Irish child was busying himself by throwing beans at the window. Losing all patience, I rushed out of the house, determined to frighten the boy. It happened that his mother was coming after him at the same moment, and we met by his side. I stormed at the child, and then, as the mother seemed excessively stupid, I gave her a piece of my mind. Finally, as a grand and overwhelming conclusion to my scolding, I said, "A little discipline now with your children will save you much pain, if not disgrace in the future. Think of that, madam; that is, if you ever do think." "Think, is it?" she replied "I think if you'd go back to your bedroom and wipe the ink off av your nose, you'd be prettier, even if you don't make so much av a sensation." It was not a soft answer; but it had the effect of turning away wrath."

CHOICE RECIPES.

FRITTERS.—Two cups of thin, sweet cream, four eggs, one dessertspoonful of sugar, the same of salt, one-half teaspoonful of soda, flour enough to make a thick batter; fry in hot lard.

LEMON PIE.—One lemon grated and squeezed; chop the pulp fine; one teacup of sugar, one tablespoonful of common starch wet with cold water, then turn on a teacup of boiling water; mix with the lemon and one egg well beaten. Bake with two crusts.

RYE AND INDIAN BREAD.—For a good, thick loaf, one pint of rye and three of Indian meal, half a cup of molasses or brown sugar; stir in boiling water to thoroughly scald it; cover and let stand till cool; then reduce with cold milk until quite thin; so as to pour into a pan; bake all day; let stand in oven all night if convenient. If you don't have a luscious loaf in the morning then I am not the daughter of a New England mother. If the crust is too hard to eat, remove and soak in water, and add it to the next loaf, and it will be richer and superior to the first; after the second or third loaf you will need no sweetening.

IMITATION PATE DE FOIE GRAS.—Boil a calf's liver till very tender in water that has been slightly salted, and in another vessel a calf's tongue. They should be done the day before to be firm. Cut the liver into small pieces and rub these gradually to a smooth paste in a mortar, moistening as you go on with oiled butter. Work into this paste, which should be quite soft, a quarter of a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper or twice tne quantity of black or white pepper, half a nutmeg grated, a few cloves, a teaspoonful of Worcester sauce, salt to taste, a teaspoonful of made mustard, and a tablespoonful of boiling water in which a minced onion has been steeped to extract the flavor. Work all together thoroughly and pack into jelly-pots with air-tight covers. Pack the pate very hard, inserting here and there square and triangular pieces of the tongue, which must be pared and cut up for this purpose. When full and smooth on the surface cover with oiled butter; set this harden, put on the lid, and set away in a cool place. In winter it will keep for weeks.

COOKING MACKEREL.—Mackerel, which is so common a breakfast dish in inland towns, need not to be so uninviting as it sometimes is. If freshened properly—that is, long enough, say from 5 o'clock until 7 next morning—one objection to it will be removed. Wrap the mackeral in a cloth and boil it in just enough water to cover it well; let it boil gently for twenty minutes and it will be tender and yet will not fall apart. Melt a little butter, add cream to it, and sprinkle parsley, rubbed fine, over it; or to vary it, use a little melted butter with lemon juice or a little vinegar. Gooseberry sauce or current catsup may be used with the melted butter also.

PARADISE PUDDING.—This is made of six eggs, six apples, one and one half cups of bread-crumbs, the grated peel of half a lemon, half a teaspoonful of salt, a little, say half a teaspoonful, of grated nutmeg, one glass of brandy, and sugar to sweeten. Peel and chop the apples very fine, then mix the ingredients thoroughly with them; beat the eggs well before mixing, and lastly stir in the brandy. Boil or steam in a well-buttered mold for two and one-half hours, or even three hours. Serve with wine sauce.

SWEETBREADS, SPANISH SAUCE.—Drain and blanch your sweetbreads and let them cool, lard them, line a saucepan with slices of veal and bacon and pieces of onion and carrot, lay the sweetbreads on this, without pressing them, and moisten with stock; cover with buttered paper, and place on the fire; when cooked, put the dressings in another saucepan, and reduce to a glaze; replace the sweetbreads, and reduce again; when browned, put in a dish; loose the glaze from the saucepan by adding a little browning, which you must thin with some stock, and pour over the sweetbreads.

MAKING SAUSAGE.—To ten pounds of meat take four ounces of dry salt, one-half ounce of pepper, and one ounce of finely ground sage. Cut the meat in strips and then grind all together. Some people like them with less sage. When ground, the easiest way to keep them is to put in long bags made of old cloth, so that it will tear down easily when using the sausages. A convenient size for the bags is three inches in diameter, which makes proper slices for frying.

SUGAR ICING.—To one pound of extra refined sugar add one ounce of fine white starch; pound finely together and then sift them through gauze; then beat the whites of three eggs to a froth. The secret of success is to beat the eggs long enough and always one way; add the powdered sugar by degrees, or it will spoil the froth of the eggs. When all the sugar is stirred in continue the whipping for half an hour longer, adding more sugar if the ice is too thin. Take a little of the icing and lay it aside for ornamenting afterward. When the cake comes out of the oven spread the sugar icing smoothly over it with a knife and dry it at once in a cool oven. For ornamenting the cake the icing may be tinged any color preferred. For pink use a few drops of cochineal; for yellow, a pinch of saffron dissolved; for green, the juice of some chopped spinach. Whichever is chosen, let the coloring be first mixed with a little colorless spirit and then stirred into the white icing till the tint is deep enough. To ornament the cake with it make a cone of stiff writing paper and squeeze the colored icing through it so as to form leaves, beading, or letters, as the case may be. It requires nicety and care to do it with success.

A WIG-MAKERS ROMANCE.

A Washington wig-maker tells the following story: "There was a fashionable wedding in this city not long ago, where a beautiful young girl married an old man and did not know it. And what is more, she lives with him now and has not found him out. The groom was a handsome man, and was looked upon as a young man in society, in which he figured quite prominently. He had a youthful face, was quick and erect, and by coloring his hair, which was snow-white, he easily passed with the youngest. With his affable manner and gallantry he won the heart of the young girl he married from a number of other suitors, many of them young and handsome. The girl was very young, and a belle.

"Just before the wedding took place, the man came here and had his own hair cut off and a wig made. Dyeing his hair had worked very well while he was courting, but when it came to getting married he knew he could not use dye without his wife finding it out, so he adopted a wig to get out of the difficulty. The idea of his young wife finding out that he was an old man nearly set him wild, and when he had gotten well settled under his wig he was the happiest man I ever saw. On his wedding day he was as frisky as a lamb, and no one suspected his secret. This happened some months ago, and the bride has not yet found out that he is an old man and wears a wig, and she will probably never find it out until old age asserts itself so strongly that it can no longer be concealed. They live here in the city now, and the secret is known probably to none save the groom and his hairdresser.

HYACINTH GLASS.

The hyacinth is a native of the east. When it was introduced into England, in 1596, only four varieties of it were known, but the Dutch gardeners soon made wonderful progress in its culture, and along toward the end of the sixteenth century had produced at least two thousand varieties.

The plant is well adapted for house decoration in winter, when flowers are rare. Its culture requires but little care.

When the bulbs have taken root in a dark place they are gradually brought into the light, and placed where the temperature is moderate.

Is a regular changing of the water favorable to the development of the plant? Many florists doubt it, and it is often recommended not to change the water, but only to replace that which has been lost through evaporation. Others are of a contrary opinion, and assert that the less favorable results that are obtained when the water is changed are merely due to the fact that the roots are injured when the plant is taken out of the glass.

SCENES IN MOROCCO.

The average Morocco village is enclosed by high walls of *tabia*, and the interior, in some respects, resembles a maze, for a series of narrow passages or lanes run between the enclosures, each house having a walled-in yard, in which the cows, mules and the poultry of the proprietor are housed at night.

In making visits to this village you are sure to be assailed by a number of the most savage dogs. Without doubt these brutes would have torn us to pieces if they had not been driven off by the men before we dismounted from our mules, for they seemed to be imbued with the true spirit of Mussulman exclusiveness, and resented most fiercely all intrusion of infidel strangers into the precincts of the faithful.

The villagers appeared to be industrious. They lived partly by farming and partly by acting as carriers to Mogador. They are also sportsmen in a way. Seeing some pigeons in confinement, I ascertained that these were used for catching falcons by means of a net. The latter birds are reared on the island, which is opposite the village; and being rare their captors are considered fortunate if they take a dozen in the year. The falcons are thus highly prized, wealthy governors and others sometimes giving as much as one hundred dollars for a single specimen. Many find their way to the Sultan himself.

The houses consisted of narrow rooms opening on to the courtyard; usually a single room formed the entire house. It had no windows, and depended for light on the open door. In one end was the bed of the husband and wife, the children sleeping on a raised sofa-like bench placed along the walls. The other end of the room was filled by a large chest, a simple cooking stove fed with charcoal, millstones for grinding corn, some cooking vessels and gourds for holding water, milk and other things. The walls were lime-washed, and sometimes bordered with a decoration resembling the repeated forms of half an egg in a bright color. Bowls of the handsome pottery in common use were hung against the walls by means of strings passed through holes in the bottom rims. Bird traps, ingeniously made from the rib of a sheep or goat, showed the juvenile taste for sport. The floors were scrupulously clean, and the whole appearance of the house reflected credit on the inmates. The locks and keys were of wood, such as are used in many Eastern countries.

HAPPY OLD AGE.

I am of the opinion which Cicero puts into the mouth of the elder Cato—that old age is the happiest period of life. It is so because we have then outlived the desires which are at once the spring and the torment of former existence. In youth, we live only in the future—"we never are, but always to be, blest." In middle life, we are alternately impelled by the passion for acquisition, and depressed by the dread of losing; we are engaged in a lasting game of hazard, attended by its excitement and anxiety. In old age alone we are masters of a treasure of which we cannot be deprived—"the only treasure we can call our own." The pleasures of memory, and the retrospect of the varied images which in an active life have floated before the mind, compensate, and more than compensate, for the alternate pleasures and cares of active life. It is true that I must not judge of all by my own state. I have been uncommonly fortunate in life; and, in my own family and domestic relations, as a husband and a father, have been blessed far beyond my deserts. But still, the causes I have mentioned, make old age to all, if contemplated calmly and borne with temper, a period of serene and comparatively unruffled enjoyment. "Happiness," says Paley, "is not given exclusively to any one period of life; it may be enjoyed by all. It is to be seen in the repose of the old cat, as well as in the gambols of the young kitten; in the arm-chair of old age, as well as in the sprightliness of the dance or the animation of the chase." Even the decay of bodily or mental strength, and the loss of friends which is so frequent in advanced years, becomes rather a blessing than a misfortune. They loosen the ties which bind us to present existence, and smooths the path which leads to another. The departure of the nearest and the dearest is lightened by the reflection that it is now only for a short period—that our real life lies beyond the grave.—[Sir A. Alison.

SPRING COSTUMES.

Fig. 1.—A remarkably stylish costume—the "Allerton"—made in dark brown bison cloth and having a tight-fitting vest of chamois leather. It is tastefully trimmed with "Kursheedt's Standard" embroidered tinsel braid, brown embroidered with gold. The vest is sharply pointed and finished with a standing collar and white pearl buttons; the jacket is closed at the neck, but is sufficiently cut away to fully disclose the vest, and terminates in pointed shape in front, while the back is cut short and the drapery is permanently attached to it. The foundation skirt is trimmed with a narrow protective plaiting, and all the visible portion is concealed by bias folds, each fold being headed by a band of the braid. The drapery is long and full in front, and is so arranged as to display the skirt entirely at the left side, while at the right side only half of the skirt is visible. The back drapery is buffant and stylish. Gloves matching the vest in color are worn with this costume, and the hat, gilt braid on a velvet foundation, is worn a little over the face and is faced and trimmed with dark brown velvet, the fancy feathers being arranged high against the crown. For Cheviot, cashmere, and woolen goods of light or heavy weight this is an excellent design, and on such materials no more effective garniture can be used than the fashionable tinsel or mohair braids. This costume is illustrated among the separate fashions. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

Fig. 2.—The "Enla" jacket and the "Theana" skirt are here illustrated, made in prune-colored vicuna cloth, the skirt and jacket being of the plain goods, while the drapery is made in figured goods, that correspond with the plain material. "Kursheedt's Standard" mohair braid is used as a garniture, and is a most suitable decoration for cloth and woolen goods. Any material appropriate for a miss's costume can be made in this way, and any appropriate garniture may take the place of braid. Both of these patterns are illustrated among the separate fashions. The hat is of coarse straw in the natural color, trimmed with prune-colored velvet and a full bunch of wild flowers. The jacket pattern is in sizes for from eight to sixteen years. Price, twenty cents each. Skirt patterns in sizes for from ten to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

Fig. 3.—This stylish figure shows a front view of the "Carina" skirt and "Marjolaine" visite. The skirt is made of black satin Rhadames with panels of brocaded satin matching the goods in the wrap. "Kursheedt's Standard" Portuguese lace is used as a very full garniture on the wrap, and the lower part of the deep plaiting on the front is veiled with a flounce of Portuguese lace. The model of the visite is simple and exceedingly stylish, and is enhanced by the full arrangement of the narrow width of Portuguese lace. The capote has a crown of gold lace, and is trimmed with fan-shaped bows of *copelicot* velvet forming a brim, a fancy buckle being placed directly in front. The velvet strings are tied at the side in a bow without ends. This model can be made in any of the silks or woolens, and one material may be used throughout, although a combination renders it more striking. Both of these garments are illustrated separately elsewhere, and the quantity of material required for a medium size of each is stated in the description. The pattern for the visite is in two sizes, medium and large. Price twenty-five cents each. Price of skirt pattern, thirty cents.

Count your resources; learn what you are not fit for, and give up wishing for it; learn what you can do, and do it with the energy of a man.

Swedenborg says, "Words are things." They are more; they are spiritual forces—angels of blessing or cursing. Unuttered, we control them; uttered, they control us.

The best of a book is not the thought which it contains, but the thought which it suggests, just as the charm of music dwells not in the tunes, but in the echoes of our hearts.

A man should inure himself to voluntary labor, and should not give up to indulgence and pleasure; as they beget no good constitution of the body nor knowledge of the mind.

A woman's intuition is often better than all the wisdom and shrewdness of her "better half," and her ready sympathy and interest is a powerful aid to his efforts for their mutual welfare.

BERWICK JACKET.

The double-breasted fronts of this jacket are slightly fitted by gores under the arms, and are considerably longer than the back, which is fitted by side-forms and a curved seam down the middle and terminates in a moderately long postilion. Velvet, plush, sealskin cloth and all kinds of coatings and cloths and many varieties of suit goods can be made in this way. The garniture may be braids, bands of fur, velvet, Astrakhan cloth or any flat trimming fancied and in accordance with the goods selected. This jacket is shown on Fig. 1 of the plate of "Street Costumes" in combination with the "Cressida" skirt. A medium size will require three yards and one quarter of goods twenty-four inches wide, or two yards and one-half of forty-eight inches wide. Five yards of braid will be sufficient to trim as illustrated. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

CRESSIDA SKIRT.

An original and stylish arrangement is clearly shown in this illustration. The foundation skirt is completely covered, the plain front drapery extending to its lower edge and a plaited panel being set in between the apron and side drapery, giving a novel and graceful effect. A deep plaiting is arranged at the back, above which is a short, bouffant drapery. The model is arranged in the same manner at each side. The design is suitable for all kinds of heavy or medium weight materials, and combinations arranged in this way are effective, though one material may be used throughout without detracting from the stylish appearance. It is stylishly combined with the "Berwick" jacket on Fig. 1 of the plate of "Street Costumes." Twelve yards and three-quarters of goods twenty-four inches wide will be sufficient to make this skirt. The underskirt should be of lining and will require four yards and three-quarters. Price of pattern, thirty cents.

MARJOLAINE VISITE.

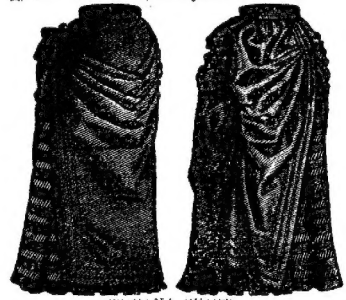
A jaunty wrap, displaying a dressy effect and fitting the figure stylishly. The fronts are fitted by a single dart in each. The sleeves form the most conspicuous and pleasing part of the design, being gathered a little at the shoulders and turned upward on the underside as far as the neck, in this way forming a most graceful and original model. The back pieces terminate a trifle below the waist line. Cloth, silk, velvet and many varieties of suitings can be made in this way, and the design will also be found appropriate for various thin textures that are used for warm weather. "Kursheedt's Standard" Spanish, Portuguese or Chantilly laces can be used as a garniture on most materials, and always enhance the appearance of a short wrap. The front view of this garment is shown on Fig. 3 of the plate of "Spring Costumes," in combination with the "Carina" skirt. A medium size will require three yards and one-half of goods twenty-four inches wide or one yard and seven-eighths of forty-eight inches wide. Seven yards of lace will trim as illustrated. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each.

LARCHMONT PELISSE.

An extremely practical and stylish garment is shown in this illustration. The fronts are in sacque shape and are cut the entire length of the garment, while the back pieces extend a little below the waist and are fitted by a curved seam down the middle. A skirt piece is gathered and sewed in a reversed manner to the back pieces, giving the necessary length and increasing the gracefulness of the design. The sleeves are set in slightly full at the shoulders and are gathered at the lower edge into deep cuffs. The model is completed by a turn-over collar, which together with the cuffs, is always effective when made of velvet. Any of the numerous varieties of ulster cloths and plain or fancy cloakings can be made in this way, and are most stylishly finished with rows of machine stitching. The back view of this garment is shown on Fig. 2 of the plate of "Street Costumes." A medium size will require four yards and one-half of goods forty-eight inches wide. One-quarter of a yard of velvet will be sufficient to make the collar and cuffs. Patterns in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.

CARINA SKIRT.

A tasteful combination of goods can be arranged in this way, or one material may be used throughout, the result being equally pleasing and stylish. A deep plaiting is arranged on the front of the skirt, and the sides are ornamented with panels. The front drapery falls over the upper edge of the plaiting and is full and graceful, while the back is long and considerably draped at the top. Silk and velvet, cashmere and silk and other contrasting goods can be united in this design, and it is adapted to all the prevailing suit goods. A garniture of lace or embroidery is effective on some goods when applied on the lower part of the deep plaiting, as shown in Fig. 3 of the plate of "Spring Costumes." Eight yards of plain goods twenty-four inches wide, and two yards of figured goods of the same width will be required to make this skirt as illustrated. The foundation skirt should be of lining, and will require four yards and three-quarters. Price of pattern, thirty cents.



TREANA SKIRT.

The general effect of this design is much admired. A narrow, box-plaited flounce trims the front and back of the skirt, while a deep, broad box-plait, having rows of braid placed at intervals across it, is arranged at each side. The front drapery falls to within a few inches of the bottom of the skirt, but the sides are draped high and the back is disposed in a graceful but extremely simple manner, the effect of the whole being jaunty and stylish. For cloth, cashmere, flannel, or any woolen texture this is a most appropriate model, while it is also suitable for most materials selected for misses' dresses. The trimming can be varied in any way that fancy dictates. The back view of this skirt is shown on Fig. 2 of the plate of "Spring Costumes" in combination with the "Enla" jacket, and the front view on Fig. 1 of the plate of "Children's Costumes" with the "Festa" Basque. For the size for fourteen years, seven yards and three-quarters of goods twenty-four inches wide will make this skirt as illustrated. Twelve yards and one-half of wide braid, and eleven yards and one-half of narrow braid will trim as represented. The underskirt should be of lining and will take three yards and three-quarters. Patterns in sizes for from ten to sixteen years. Price, twenty five cents each.

THE WINNER'S
OF THE
FIRST REWARDS
IN
Our Great Bible Competition
NO. 9.

The following are the Bible questions and correct answers in this competition :

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Where are HORSES first mentioned in the Bible?—1. Answer—Genesis 47th chap., 17th verse. 2. Where are CATTLE first mentioned in the Bible?—2. Answer—Genesis, 1st chap., 25th verse.

The persons whose names appear below have the questions correctly, and are entitled to the rewards as numbered.

THE FIRST REWARDS.

1, Six hundred dollars in gold coin.—1, Mary R. Duggane, Hamilton P. O., Ont 2. One Grand Square Piano, by a celebrated maker.—2. Jane Littell, London E., Ont 3 and 4. Two Grand Square Pianos.—3. A. C. Gordon, Brantford, Ont.; 4. Laura E Spencer, Brantford, Ont. 5 and 6.—Two Fine Toned, 10 Stop Cabinet Organs —5, C A. Kricte, Toronto Medical School, Toronto; 6, J. C. Ryerse, Pt. St. Charles, Que. 7, 8 and 9.—Two Quadruple Plate Silver Tea Services—six pieces and One Five o'clock Tea Service. 7, Mamie Quigley, McGill st., Montreal, Que.; 8, Mrs. Geo. E. Cook, Cookaville, Ont.; 9. Fannie Morrison, Peterboro, Ont. 10 to 15 —Six Gentlemen's Gold Stem-winding and Stem-setting Elgin Watches.—10, Louie A. Webster, Bullocks Corners, Ont.; 11, Mrs. T. Taylor, St. Catherines, Ont.; 12, John Butler, Kettleby, Ont.; 13, M. R. Dixon, Brantford, Ont.; 14, Mary C. Taomson, Brantford, Ont.; 15. Marie L. Reed, Port Hope, Ont. 16 to 20.—Five Ladies' Gold Stem-winding and Stem-setting Genuine Elgin Watches.—16, Hannah Kern, 44 Geo ge-st., Hamilton; 17, Mrs. C. C. Davidson, Belleville, Ont.; 18, Libbie Creys, 459 Yonge-st, Toronto; 19, L. M. Trayton, Montreal, Que.; 20, Charlie Pauson, Cookaville, Ont. 21 to 30. —Ten Williams' Singer Sewing Machines 21, Nettie Creys, 398, Yonge-st., Toronto; 22, Carrie L. Greenfield. Kingston; 23, Mrs. C. Foster, 38 George-st., Hamilton; 24, Kate Armstrong, 32 Hess-st., Hamilton; 25, Mabel Rushton, Kingston; 26, C. F. Clark, Chatham, Ont.; 27, F. R. Farquhar, Napanee; 28, M. B. Clayton, Belleville; 29, Peter Malahy, Carlton West, Ont.; 30, Mrs. Malahy, Carlton West, Ont. 31 to 40—Ten Gentlemen's Solid Hunting-case or Open-faced, Coin-silver watches. 31, M. Markham, Carlton, Ont.; 32, Jane Sharon, Cornwall; 33, Gertie Barford, Montreal, Que.; 34, J. L. Lambert, Windsor; 35, Mrs. Jno. Hayes, Hepworth, Ont.; 36, Tessie T. Lawson, Cobourg; 37, M. A. Lawson, Cobourg; 38, J. C. Dean, West Senecastreet, Buffalo, N. Y.; 39, C. G. Rickert, Paris Station, Ont.; 40, Mrs. George Norman, Eversley, Ontario; 41 to 50.—Ten Solid Quadruple Silver Plate Cake Baskets, elegant designs.—41, Mary Moorhouse, Hamilton; Jane M. Moorhouse Hamilton; 43, Maria Norman, King, Ont.; 44, Frank Freemouth, Bowmanville; 45. M. S. Dunstane, St. John, N.B.; 46, Laura Fitzpatrick, St. John, N B.; 47, M. M. Parker, Moncton; 48, Julia M. Laidlaw, Brampton; 49, Emma Bradon, Orono, Ont.; 50, Miss Lane, Cæsarea, Ont. 51 to 100—Fifty Dozen Sets of Heavy Silver Plate Tea Spoons.—51, Nettie Bingham, Tyrone, Ont.; 52, Mrs. R. J. Sangster, Leskard, Ont.; 53, Edwin A. Mantz, Markham, Ont.; 54, Alex. Anderson, Markham, Ont.; 55, James Anderson, Markham, Ont.; 56, Effie Anderson, Markham, Ont.; 57, Mrs James Duton, Stouffville, Ont.; 58, W. H. Hall, Markham, Ont.; 59 Enoch, Anderson, Markham, Ont.; 60, W. J. Digby, Markham, Ont.; 61, Miss Geo Hendry, Constago, Ont.; 62, Mrs. W. L. Wells, Honfryn, Ont.; 63, Joseph Ion, York, Ont.; 64, Annie E. Hubbard, 307 Berkeley St., Toronto; 65, Chas. Henery, jr., Stirton, Ont.; 66, W. H. Erbach, Baden, Ont.; 67, Fenwick Spint, 69 Floor St. West, City; 68, E. H. Boyle, Baden, Ont.; 69, Mrs. K. Loebs, Baden, Ont.; 70, Edw. L. Liersch, Baden, Ont.; 71, Mary Breckeridge, Baden, Ont.; 72, Agnes Livingston, Baden, Ont.; 73, Mrs. E. Walker, 338 King St., City; 74, Mrs. D. Burton, Beachville, Ont.; 75, Miss E. Taylor, Beachville; 76, Miss Annie Hooper, Wroxeter, Ont.; 77, Miss Laura Wicret, 12 Sword St., City; 78, H. Kepper, Bowmanville, Ont.; 79, Wm. Brock, Bowmanville, Ont.; 80, Emma Colett, 620 Yonge St., City; 81, Etta Workman, 83 Sullivan St. City; 82, Maggie Bryce, 221 Gerrard St., City; 83, Howard A. Murray, Whitby, Ont.; 84, T. J. Dillon, Tarbert, Ont.; 85, W. H. Johnston, Whitby, Box 83, Ont.; 86, Jas. T. Campbell, Whitby, Box 37, Ont; 87, L Philips, Udora, Ont.; 88, Mrs. R. Laing, Dundas, Box 74, Ont.; 89, H. Pringle, Cobourg, Ont.; 90, R. Goggin, Fordwich, Ont.; 91, R. Pottrut, Fort Hill, Ont.; 92, Jas. Hazell, Credit Forks, Ont.; 93, Wm. Dawson, Credit Forks, Ont.; 94, Mrs. Thos. Young, Bridgenorth, Ont.; 95, E. B. Crowe, Fredricksburg, Ont.; 96, John Waiford, 4 Nelson St., Hamilton; 97, W. Waiford, 4 Nelson St., Hamilton; 98. Eliza Barker, 68 King St. E., Hamilton; 99, Mrs. C Davis, 44 Emerald St. S., Hamilton; 100, Mary Miles, 72 Merrick St., Hamilton; 101 to 310.—One Hundred and Thirty Elegantly Bound Volumes of Tennyson's Poems.—101, Kanson Clendenning, Wringwood, Ont.; 102, W. Herbert Bateman, Port Perry; 103, Clarence M. Webb, Granton, Ont.; 104, T. J. Walker, Gorrie P.O., Huron, Ont.; 105, Will O'Neil, Paris Station, Ont.; 106. K. S. Rogers, Merritton, Ont.; 107, Rodney Moore, No. 1 Nassau St., cor. Spadina, City; 108, E. C. Penny, 683 King St., City; 109, Mrs. T. Sheppard, 115 Baldwin St., City; 110, Wm. Degeir, 113 Baldwin St., City; 111, Jessie Bennet, Brantford, Ont.; 112, G. M. Furnival, 30 Bleeker St., City; 113, Mrs. Wm. Degeer, 113 Baldwin St., City; 114, Alexander Watson, 261 Brunswick St. City; 115, Mrs. H. Budge, 11 Breadalbane St., City; 116, E. J. Moore, 24 Victoria Ave., North, Hamilton; 117, E. Appleby, Hannah St., Hamilton; 118, Birdie Marlatte, 157 Napier St., Hamilton; 119, John A. Fernside, Hamilton, Ont.; 120, F. Burrows, jr., Hamilton, Ontario; 121, James Weir, foot Wentworth St.; Hamilton; 122, Alexander Spence, Orr Lake, Ont.; 123, Miss Jane Hay, Milton West, Ont.; 124, R. Miss E. Nelson, Acton, Ont.; 125, Mrs. Thomas Elliott, Meadowvale, Ont.; 126, F. E. Bigelow, Lindsay, Ont.; 127. David H. Thomson, Malvern P. O., Ont.; 128, Mrs. Martha Tew, 12 Berkeley St., City; 129, Mrs. Annie Parry, Post Mistress, Riverside, Ont.; 130, James Brandon, 1 Victoria St., City; 131, Miss Mary A. Breckin, Unionville, Ont.; 132, John T. 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The moral law is written on the tablets of eternity. For every false word or unrighteous deed, for cruelty and oppression, for lust or vanity, the price has to be paid at last.

Nudels are home-made macaroni and serve all the purposes for which it is used in Italy. They may be appropriated to any sweet dishes by first boiling them soft in milk or water from ten to twenty minutes, and them mixing them with eggs, sugar, spice, preserves, etc. A straight rolling-pin and a smooth pateboard are indispensable in the manufacture of nudels.

SOME OF THE SECRETS OF BEAUTY.

There is as much a "fashion" in complexions as there is in bonnets or boots. Sometimes nature is the mode, sometimes art. Just now the latter is in the ascendant, though, as a rule, only in that inferior phase which has not reached the "concealment of art"—the point where extremes meet and the perfection of artifice presents all the appearance of artlessness. No one of an observant turn of mind, who if accustomed to the sight of English maids and matrons, can deny that making-up, as at present practiced, partakes of an amateurish element. Impossible reds and whites grow still impossibly red and white from week to week under the unskilled hands of the wearer of "false colors," who does not like to ask for advice on so delicate a subject; for, even were she willing to confess to the practice, the imputation of experience conveyed in the asking for counsel might be badly received, and would scarcely be in good taste. There are some women so clever at making up their faces that one almost feels inclined to condone the practice in admiration of the result. These are the small minority, and are likely to remain so, for their secret is of a kind unlikely to be shared. The closest inspection of these cleverly managed complexions reveals no trace of art.

Notwithstanding the reticence of these skilled artists, an occasional burst of confidence has revealed a few of their means of accomplishing the great end of looking pretty; "Do you often do that?" said one of these clever ones, a matron of 37, who looked like a girl of 19, to a friend who was vigorously rubbing her cheeks with a coarse towel after a plentiful application of cold water.

"Yes, every time I come from a walk, ride, or drive. Why?"

"Well, no wonder you look older than you are. You are simply wearing your face out?"

"But I must wash?"

"Certainly, but not like that. Take a leaf out of my book; never wash your face just before going out into th air, or just after coming in. Nothing is more injurious to the skin. Come to the glass. Do you notice a drawn look about your eyes, and a general streakiness in the cheeks? That is the result of your violent assault upon your complexion just now. You look at this moment ten years older than you did twenty minutes ago in the park."

"Well, I really do. I look old enough to be your mother; but, then, you are wonderful. You always look so young and fresh!"

"Because I never treat my poor face as badly as you do yours. I use rain-water and if I cannot get that I have the water filtered. When I dress for dinner I always wash my face with milk, adding just enough hot water to make it pleasant to use. A very soft sponge and very fine towel take the place of your terrible huckaback arrangement."

In addition to the disagreeable sensation of making-up, it must be remembered that the use of some of the white powders eventually destroys the texture of the skin, rendering it rough and coarse Rimmel, the celebrated perfumer, in his "Book of Perfumes," says that rouge, being composed of cochineal and saffron, is harmless, but that white cosmetics consist occasionally of deleterious substances which may injure the health. He advises actors and actresses to choose cosmetics, especially the white, with the greatest care, and women of the world, who wish to preserve the freshness of their complexion, to observe the following recipe: Open air, rest, exercise, and cold water. In another part of this pleasant book its author says that schonada, a cosmetic used among the Arabs, is quite innocuous, and at the same time effectual. "This cream, which consists of sublimated benzoin, acts upon the skin as a slight stimulant and imparts perfectly natural colors during some hours without occasioning the inconveniences with which European cosmetics may justly be reproached." It is a well-known fact that bismuth, a white powder containing sugar of lead, injures the nerve centres when constantly employed, and occasionally causes paralysis itself.

MAKING BREAD.

Some one has said, says a lady in *Farm and Home*, somewhere that "she who has made a good batch of bread has done a good day's work," and when I remember all my former trials, and at last my uniform success in this, the most important branch of the culinary department, I fully agree with the author of the above quoted lines, and wish to help Mrs. B. F. C. and Nellie A. Stockton with the result of my experience.

The first requisite is good yeast, and here is my formula: Three peeled Irish potatoes just covered with cold water and put to boil. When thoroughly done add one-third of a pint of flour, the boiling potato water, and one even tablespoonful each of sugar and salt. Put on stove and simmer for five minutes to cook the flour. Remove, and then lukewarm add one tablespoonful of ginger and one cup of liquid or one cake of dry yeast to raise the mass. Keep at lukewarm temperature, and next morning it will be ready to use. In the summer I add one handful of peach leaves when I put the potatoes to boil as we are very fond of the taste it imparts to the bread. Of course the leaves are thrown away after the juice is extracted by boiling.

To make the bread for our family of five I use five quarts of flour at one baking. I sift this the night before, so when I make my fire at 4 o'clock the next morning I am ready to begin. Make a hole in the center of the flour, into which a large kitchen spoonful of lard has been mixed; pour two teacups of the yeast, five teaspoonsful each of salt and sugar, and sufficient lukewarm milk to make a soft but not sticky dough. How work this until it blisters and you feel it raising under your hand. Place in a greased vessel so it will not stick, cover warmly, and set to raise. When sufficiently light empty gently on the molding board, give two or three quick turns to equalize the mass, divide into loaves or rolls, taking care to handle as little as possible; cover and set to raise; bake when light. If the loaves half fill the pan, they should be well risen above the top of the pan before being placed in the oven. The heat of the oven will be right if you can hold your arm in it long enough to count twenty-five. Fill the stove with good, sound wood and leave the bread in for one hour. In winter always warm the flour before using, as it raises much quicker, consequently making much better bread. I bake twice each week, and always succeed in having good, sweet bread.

RAISING THE DUST.

The broom has long been dubbed a woman's weapon, and certainly this innocent-looking article of household use, when pressed into service by a strong, energetic sweeper, is exceedingly efficacious in driving from the fireside both friend and foe Eyes, throat, lungs in vain protest against the "quintessence of dust;" thoroughness is every thing Various patents, more or less successful, have been taken out on "carpet-sweepers," but the old-fashioned, indispensable holds its own against all changes and improvements. In purchasing this necessary article or discomfort, there should be careful selection if you desire the best. Choose green stuff, and see that the handle is not shaky. The stalk of the corn should not go below the sewing, as it is brittle and liable to break off. In sweeping, handle the broom lightly and skilfully, the handle inclining forward, that the dust may thus be partially prevented from rising into the air, and so carried along by a gentle, continuous motion toward the place where it is to be gathered up. It requires some science and common sense combined to use a broom properly. Don't lean on the handle unless you wish to curl and bend the edges, and aid the broom in rapidly acquiring a dilapidated appearance. Sweep on each side alternately, and wet before using to restore its flexibility. Brooms should each have a nail or their own wherever in their leisure moments they may be suspended at a safe distance from the fire. If immersed in boiling suds once a week the brush will become very tough, will not cut a carpet, and will last much longer and always sweep like a new broom.

The Ladies' Journal.

Devoted to Literature, Fashion, &c.

MARCH, 1885.

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OUR PATTERNS.

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REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—MARCH.

Some very remarkable innovations have been made recently in the way of special costuming for skating, boating and mountain climbing, which throw the efforts of what are called "Dress Reformers" into the shade. There is this difficulty in regard to dress reformers, they nearly always come forward as destructionists or apologists, never with the authority of those who are presumed to know their business. The latest invasion, the "divided" skirt, has received serious and respectful consideration from the best quarters. It has been examined, tried, tested, and failed. It is ugly and disagreeable to wear, less cleanly and less adaptable than the undivided skirt, and certainly no improvement on that which we already possess. There is usually a certain cowardice about innovators. They spend more time and strength in trying to prove what they are not than in showing what they are. The original Bloomer dress was really much more sensible and uncompromising than the the divided or "Rational" dress, as its advocates call it, which is only original in the trowsers being wider and the skirt a trifle longer. Mrs. Bloomer's idea was simple, direct, and had the merit of providing a dress that was really useful, and relieved the wearer from many burdens. It was, also, except the jacket or bodice, which was left to the choice of the wearer, the counterpart of the Persian dress, which Mr. Worth has always declared the ideal dress for women, combining at once freedom and grace.

But the great majority—the unmistakable voice of womankind—has so far decided in favor of the skirt, unshorn of its fair proportions, the skirt reaching at least nearly to the ground, just clearing it for convenience, or extending into a train, indoors, for grace and beauty. And the popular verdict is right. The skirt is the proper and suitable garment for women, and at no time in their history has it ever been more sensible and convenient than now. The cut of it, with its nearly plain front, gored sides, and plaited or gathered back, is nearly perfection. It has been relieved of much of its weight; the fullness at the back is easily gathered into the hand, if an emergency requires that it be lifted out of danger; and this tendency of all the lines of fullness toward the back of the skirt clears the feet of all obstruction, and makes walking easy. Some time ago, there was an effort to produce an appearance of novelty, by removing the fullness of the back to the front, but the effect was not only excessively unnatural and unbecoming, but it made walking difficult, and was accompanied by a flop-flopping motion against the shoes, which quickly disposed of all attempts in this direction. At the present moment, all the fullness of the skirt is massed at the back, flounces on the front having almost disappeared in favor of tucking, flat trimmings and straight lines.

Fashion is often sweeping in its removals, and does not wait upon any rules. For mountain climbing in Scotland, a London society, which numbers both ladies and gentlemen among its members, has recently recommended a short princess dress for women, of cloth, with kilted flounce falling just below the knees, boots of soft dressed calf-skin, with thongs, crossed over dark or checked spun silk or woolen hose; and a water proof cape with hood which may be drawn over the cloth toque. The dress is almost the exact counterpart of one that was exhibited two years ago at the "Rational" Dress Exhibition, and shows the advance made in specializing costume and adapting it to different uses. Lady tricyclists have recently had an animated discussion in regard to the dress proper for this exercise. The ordinary skirt is out of question in this case. If ladies ride tricycles, they must have a special costume, and the one generally preferred consists of narrow trowsers, of the same material as the dress, which is simply a long princess polonaise of the same length all round, braided in military fashion across the front, in riding it gathers up into a sort of drapery, and makes a short gown.

For lawn-tennis, tucked materials, tucked skirts, and belted waists will be much used this season, especially by young girls; and they will have an excellent opportunity to diverge into something original for boating and walking costumes. The latter exercise we regret to say, does not seem to be so much in vogue as formerly; walking clubs have ceased to exist; the famous woman pedestrian is no longer heard of. This is a pity, for though in the pursuit of a hobby, people may be led into a certain amount of folly, yet the cultivation of out door life by women is so desirable, that any pursuit which promotes it is worthy of encouragement. In the country every girl should interest herself in the planting and cultivation of something out of doors; and they would be much more likely to do so if they had a dress arranged for the purpose, and were not afraid of tanning or spoiling the color of their hands. It is a great mistake to prefer the dullness of a pallid in-door complexion to the brightness and sparkle, the clearness and freedom from deleterious substances, of one accustomed to out of doors; and we cannot expect thoroughly healthy men or women till we adapt our dress and train our daughters to out-of-door pursuits.

DRESSY LINGERIE.

No. 1.—"Plat val" lace net and edging to match form this lovely Moliere plastron with plain collar. It is shirred quite narrow at the waist lin, and the border lace falls below. Price, $4.50.

No 2.—A handsome *jabot* made of flat Valenciennes lace, arranged in a most effective and graceful manner. It is drawn in at the waist line the gathers being concealed by the *ciel*-blue chenille pendants, and a similar ornamentation is placed at the throat, for which however, any wished-for shade, either in chenille or ribbon can be procured. Price, $3.75

No. 3—A dressy vest of flat Valenciennes lace net bordered with narrow lace to match. It is gathered in at the top and the waist line, and secured at both places by bows of *coquelicot* satin and gros-grain ribbon with flowing ends. If preferred, velvet ribbon in any becoming shade may be substituted. Price, $3.85.

No. 4.—This lovely *jabot* is made of *point d'esprit* lace, edged with Mechlin lace in a delicate pattern. Dainty bows of rose-colored Ottoman ribbon are arranged at the neck and waist line. Price, with bows of any color, $3.50

No. 5.—This dainty bow would be a pleasing addition to any toilet. It is composed of loops and ends of dark Gordon blue velvet ribbon with satin back, though velvet or ribbon of any desired shade can be substituted for blue. Price 75 cents.

No. 6.—A simple yet very attractive arrangement of light blue silk mull and Pompadour lace is shown in this illustration. The mull is laid in plaits at the neck and a full border of Pompadour lace extends down one side and terminates a little below the waist line. Pretty bows of light blue Ottoman ribbon are placed at the neck and waist with charming effect. Price, with bows of any color, $3.25.

A LADY'S SOLID GOLD WATCH

GIVEN FREE EVERY MONTH.

Commencing with the April issue of the LADIES' JOURNAL we will give each month a *Lady's Solid Gold Hunting Case Watch* to the person sending us the best short story suitable for publication in these columns. The story may be selected from any book, magazine, newspaper or other periodical, or may be the work of the sender. What we want is to get *the best short story we can every month*, so that we may both please and instruct our readers.

The story must not exceed five of these columns in length; a little variation either way will not be considered a barrier to its acceptance.

Every person competing must become a subscriber to the JOURNAL for at least *one year*, and must, therefore, send with their story a half dollar for the twelve months' subscription.

Those who are already subscribers will have their term extended another year for the fifty cents received.

The name and address of the sender will be published at the head of the story, and immediately after its appearance in the JOURNAL the watch will be forwarded to the successful competitor. Try now. Some one will be sure to get this watch! Why not you?

Address, PRIZE STORY EDITORS, "LADIES' JOURNAL" office, Toronto, Canada.

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THE ORIGIN OF CROQUET.

Croquet players who have considerable liking for this favorite and fashionable sport, will be interested in the origin of the game. Croquet is not, as many suppose, of modern birth, but may be traced through its various stages to Persia, as far back as the eight century. Its origin was polo, which the Persians played with a long-handled mallet called chugan. In the ninth century the game made its way into the Eastern Empire, the original mallet changing its form to a staff ending in a broad bead filled with a network of gut strings. "Thus," says a writer on the subject, "there appeared in the East, as belonging to the great sport of ball play on horseback the first shapes of two implements which remodeled the whole play life of mediæval modern Europe, the chugan being the ancestor of the mallet used in croquet, and of an endless variety of other playing clubs and bats, while the bent staff, with its network, was a primitive racket."

We find that the original ball games in which sticks were used were played on horseback, and instead of polo being an outgrowth of these sports played on foot the latter are the changes made in the Persian game of chugan, which, as has been said, was the parent of all our games in which artificial means are used on foot, was easy and natural, and the substitution of a club came by gradual changes, the hand being probably the original implement, which was superseded by the rounded stick.

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GENTLE ACCOMPLISHMENT.

How sweetly patient and calm are gentle manners! Courtesy is often finest when negative; when, instead of seeking to entertain others, we let them entertain us. It is a small thing to be silent, and it is often the kindest thing we can do for a man to let him talk. Gentle respectivity puts the shyest and most timid man at ease and at his best, and to do that is a finer pleasure than detailing one's own notions and experiences in the most elegant and happy periods. Do not be in a hurry. Emerson says "Hurry is for slaves." And the slaves who are bought and sold in the market place do not hurry. It is the greedy man, who is free to get and to keep all that he can lay his hands upon, who hurries. "I do not like to go North, because the men there are all in such a mighty hurry they cannot be civil," a Southern man once said before me. I am not sure that a finer sense of the sweet kindliness that is one of the springs of gentle manners would not have softened this criticism, for the sake of the Northern woman, alone among strangers, who listened to him; but to a candid mind not puffed up with vain-glory the criticism is suggestive. No doubt the great prosperity of the North may be partly owing to the push and energy necessary to live in it, and developed by the rigor of its Arctic winters; but there is hurry which is mere clatter and noise. This sort of hurry never accompanies the great undertakings of strong men, but it is characteristic of small minds and weak nerves. It is rarely graceful or gracious, and always robs courtesy of its finest charms.

:o:

We cannot study nature profoundly without bringing ourselves into communion with the spirit of art, which pervades and fills the universe.

CHILDREN'S COSTUMES.

FIG. 1.—This shows a pretty arrangement of plain and figured goods in the combination of the "Festa" basque and the "Theana" skirt. The outer fronts of the basque and the entire drapery are of a dark blue, loosely woven serge covered with a small pattern in red and bronze, and the basque and skirt are of plain goods of the same color, the sides of the skirt trimmed with numerous rows of blue velvet ribbon, a narrower width being used on the drapery.

The outer fronts of the basque can be omitted, and the result will be a plain, tight-fitting basque with pointed front and postilion back. Most materials that are suitable for misses' dresses can be made up in this way, and the same goods can be used throughout with good effect. Braid, velvet or plain bands can be used for trimming, according to the material used. Both the basque and skirt are illustrated separately elsewhere and the quantity of material required for each stated therewith. The basque pattern is in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years. Price, twenty cents each. Patterns for the skirt in sizes for from ten to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

FIG. 2.—The "Lindley" suit is a most becoming model for little boys, and it is adapted to a wide range of fabrics. It is made in plaid suiting, and the box-plaited skirt is attached to a yoke. The blouse is double-breasted and has two box-plaits in the back; it is completed by cuffs, a turn-over collar and wide leather belt. Cloth, flannel, corduroy, velvet, cashmere and varieties of seasonable goods can be made in this way, and the belt may be either of the material of the suit or of leather. The polo cap matches the suit. Patterns of the suit in sizes for four and six years. Price, twenty-five cents each. The cap pattern in sizes for from four to eight years. Price, ten cents each.

NOTICE TO PRIZE WINNERS.

Successful competitors, in applying for their prizes, must, in every case, state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and nature of the prize won. Attention to these particulars will facilitate matters, and save a good deal of time and trouble. As many of the prize winners omit to send the amount required for postage or packing, when applying for prizes, we deem it necessary to remind them that money should accompany all applications as follows:—sewing machines, $2 00; guns and tea-services, $1 50; baby-carriages and clocks, 50 cents; dress-goods 30 cents; watches, 25 cents; books, spoons, and handkerchiefs, 12 cents; butter knives and pickle forks, 6 cents.

:o:

One dies twice; to cease to live is nothing, but to cease to love and be loved is an insupportable death.

While a word is yet unspoken you are master of it. When it is once spoken it is master of you.

SOMETHING ABOUT TEA.

Curious anecdotes exist with respect to the early history of tea in England. In 1664 the East India Company, it is said, ventured to order from China *two pounds* of tea as a rare and choice gift for royalty, and it is further recorded that it was served up at the royal table as a dish of leaves to be eaten with pepper, salt, and melted butter. They were pronounced "too tough" to eat.

In the days of Charles the Second we read of tea costing sixty shillings a pound! It was then looked upon as a "new and curious vegetable," brought from China, and came in the form of "crisp, dried, rolled up leaves," which were carefully *boiled and eaten*, the liquor in which they had been cooked being *thrown away*.

It is quite evident that Mary did not save the tea-leaves to use when sweeping the carpets in those days.

Now we import many millions of pounds of Chinese tea, and in addition procure enormous supplies from India and Japan, where it was found the shrub would grow as luxuriantly as as in China. Since 1877 an increase in the consumption of Indian teas of twenty millions of pounds has been recorded, and last year no less than *forty-nine millions* of pounds of this one class of tea were imported.

The TEA-PLANT belongs to the same botanical family as the camellia. There are two varieties of the plant, from either of which both black and green tea can be manufactured; for it is merely the method of treating the leaf that produces the distinction.

A tea-leaf is easily recognized. It should be semi-transparent, with an evenly serrated border, reaching nearly, but *not quite*, to the stalk, and the primary veins of the leaf run out from the midrib *almost* to the border. They turn, however, before reaching the border of the leaf, and thus leave a clear space between the edge of the leaf and its venation.

No other leaf possesses these distinctive marks.

:o:

FRESH AND STALE BREAD.

In reply to an inquirer, the *Christian Union* makes several statements about bread, which those anxious that "good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both," should heed. It says: "Fresh bread contains a large amount of water, about forty-five per cent., much of which is in a pure or uncombined state.

"Within two or three days after baking, chemical changes take place in the interior of the loaf, in which the great portion of the water enters into a combination with the starch and gluten of the grain, giving to the bread the appearance of being lighter, although if placed upon the scales it will be found that it has lost scarcely anything in weight.

"This fact can be easily demonstrated by placing a stale loaf in a closely covered vessel, and putting it in a hot oven for half an hour. On breaking open such a loaf it will be found to possess all the characteristics of a newly baked loaf, the water having been driven out from the combination with the constituents of the flour by the heat.

"A portion of the inside of a newly baked loaf, when rubbed between the fingers, or when chewed, forms a sticky, pasty mass, which is permeated by the digestive fluids with difficulty.

"Pieces of stale bread treated in the same manner, separate into small particles, which are readily acted upon by the digestive fluids. It is for this reason chiefly that stale bread is so much more wholesome and digestible than freshly baked bread. It should be added that the indigestibility of warm bread is greatly increased by the addition of butter."

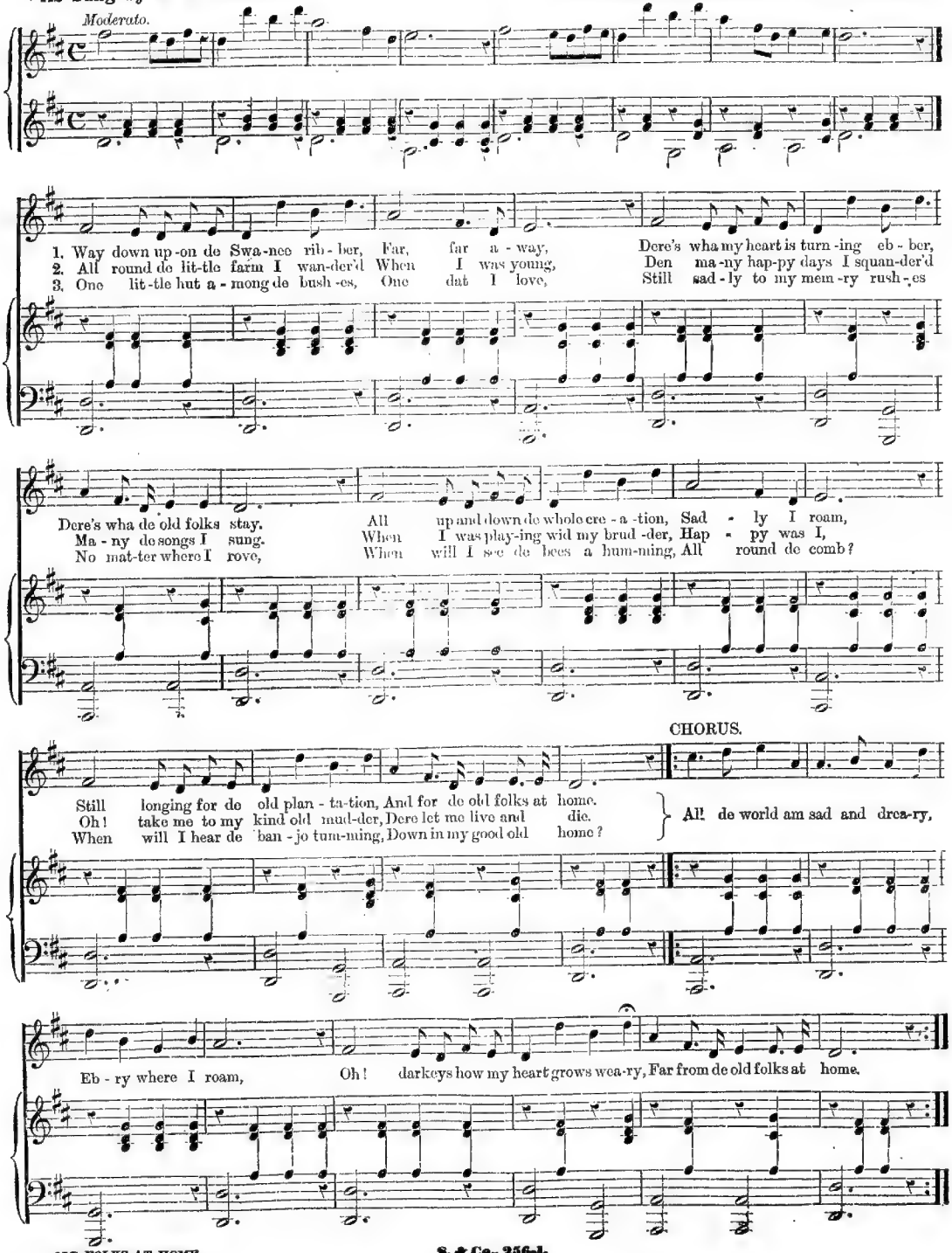
:o:

OUR ENGRAVINGS.

The designs and illustrations of this department are from the celebrated house of Mme. Demorest, the acknowledged representative of Fashions in Europe and America. This house has always received the first premium at all the Expositions, and is the recipient of the only award over all competitors for patterns of Fashions, at the Centennial and Paris, London and New York.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

As Sung by E. P. CHRISTY. Written and Composed by S. C. FOSTER.



MODERN NEEDLEWORK.

The development in tapestry embroideries during the past six months deserves to be noted. To me it seems to have an importance beyond the production of a few pieces of beautiful embroidery, since the work more recently done allows for artistic possibilities equaling the famous Gobelins, the pride of France. The reproduction of famous works of painting at the Gobelins has been hitherto considered unparalleled. I have never, however, seen a piece of Gobelins that did not have its own sign manual. There was always that about it that distinguished it from the work of the brush. I have seen pieces, however, recently done under Mrs. Wheeler, in which the illusion of paint was complete.

Deception is not the highest aim in art work, nor is the fact that this illusion exists urged as a special merit, but only as an indication of how extended the possibilities of tapestry work have become. Here it is distinguished from the work first introduced by Mrs. O. W. Holmes, Jr. In that Mrs. Holmes did not hesitate to translate artistic effects and painter's moods with her needle. The peculiarity, however, of Mrs. Holmes's work was that it could not be used as the work of the needle is primarily intended, but must be framed, covered with glass, and hung up to be admired. Then we all turned and asked ourselves what good. Why do that with the needle that can be better done with the brush?

Mrs. Wheeler's work, however we may admire it as a work of art, still belongs to the domain of the needle, and serves the purposes that canvas and the brush can never serve. Its *raison d'être* is undisputable. One of these recent pieces of work is a *portière* for a Detroit residence. It is on gold-colored tapestry stuff, a fabric woven especially for this stitch. The subject is the "Autumn" of Miss Rosina Emmet. The figure is that of a large, finely developed woman, bearing on her hip a sheaf of wheat; she is clad in brown, and stands in a wheat field, among the stubble and sheaves, the whole making a study of browns. Painters' work could bring out no more forcibly the varying, melting tints of color. The frame of the picture, we may call it, is a border of grapes and grape leaves entwined with ribbons, with the word Autumn at the base, these too in shades of brown. The curtain is made to hang up on a door kept always closed, and consequently hangs free from folds, which leaves the design exposed as would be a picture.

There is a smaller work intended for a screen, which goes farther since it reproduces an artistic mood. This is a figure in landscape, called "Twilight." A woman stands with long, clinging drapery and bowed head. The landscape is sombre, but as in the evening sky, and in her garments, we feel the presence of color which the fading light only softens. This is an exquisite piece of work. There is but little variation in the tints, but although kept so closely down they are never monotonous.

In the actual, absolute illusion of brush-work, of which I have spoken, nothing compares to a small piece—a cherub in a daisy field picking daisies. The fabric is of the flesh-tint of the figure while the modeling is most skillfully done with the needle. I need not dilate on what subtle work this is, remembering that the figure is nude. The perspective of the landscape through the foliage resembles broad water-color washes, against which the details of the foreground are worked out.

The Associated Artists are, in fact, making large and fascinating use of cherubs and cupids. On this same tapestry fabric, of the tint which infantine flesh suggests, are panels painted in aniline paints, intended for insertion in the walls above he mantels, for example. The designs of these are cherubs swinging on garlands of roses, and pelting one another with petals. These are merely decorative panels and do not attempt other effects of canvas. But they are blythe and joyous, and since they are durable will in many cases take the place of the needle. Quite artistic as the central design is the border, a gilded ribbon form with soft flowers filling the spaces.

Some more work in painting on plush has appeared. The most conspicuous designs are taken from well-known photographs of English professional beauties. There is one, for example, of Lady Lonsdale holding behind her a large palm-leaf. This is on crimson plush. By some process the plush is matted down and the painting is perfectly smooth. The plush then serves as a background and by lightly using the paint, drapery and perspective are skilfully introduced as accessories. There is the portrait of the Princess of Wales thus placed against a plush background. A very fine effect is produced by the broad blue ribbon of her order, and her decorations that are brought out in gold. Many of these pictures I observe are framed in plush. In one the tint is deep blue with dull yellow designs. This is stretched tightly over a raised molding and is very effective.

To return to embroideries for curtains. The thin silks resembling the Liberty silks of London are greatly used. They come in what are known as art shades and are of great beauty. The work is done in frames. The border is usually defined by couchings of gold thread in some form, more or less elaborate, and makes within a set design about which the vines and floral patterns cling. This is done in silks—reds, greens, blues, purples. The embroidery is rarely solid, but after outlining flower and leaf the shading is indicated. In this no better model can be offered than the natural flower, observing the lines of color and the way in which nature distributes it. Such curtains have a silk lining and an interlining.

The method of hanging them is on rings by poles. The curtains hang pushed to one side, and between them is a straight gold wrought piece of the same stuff that takes the place of a frieze. This is separate.—[M. G. H., in Demorest's Monthly.

VALENTINE IDEAS.

The novel manner in which we have arranged our fancy work for young ladies, for the month of February, we are quite sure will meet their approval, as all the articles are not only useful, but are designed to show St. Valentine's day is not forgotten by the young.

The two hearts joined with arrows are made of plush, and are used as a cover for shaving papers. Cut four nicely shaped hearts out of pastboard, cover two of them on both sides with dark red silk; the other two are covered on one side with silk, and the other with red plush, as they are for the front. The initial and date are put on with gilt or gold-colored paint. Cut the tissue paper heart-shaped, and fasten a great many of them on the back before joining the front and back. Get a couple of toy arrows, gild them, and sew two pieces of the plush around them—that is to give them the effect of being pierced through the hearts—sew them firmly to the plush hearts, then fasten the backs and fronts together by overhanding them together at the top, join the arrows with a bow of red satin ribbon.

Board for keys, shoe-hooks, etc., is made of a piece of oak, seven inches square, which is beveled, gilded and decorated to suit the taste. The hooks are placed near the edge of the board, to give room in the center to paint, a hole is bored in the upper part, and a ribbon tied through it to hang it up by.

The whisk-broom holder, which is so essential to every one, appears here in the form of a heart made of plush. For the foundation have a heart sawed out of wood. Get a half a dozen small gilt arrows, and sew them on the plush, cover the heart made of wood with the plush, by drawing it over it as smoothly as possible and taking it to the back. Tack-paper muslin or silesia on the back to make it look matty. Make a band of the plush lined with silesia and interlined with wigan to fasten across the front to hold the broom in place. Sew an arrow at each end, and tack it in place. Tack satin ribbons at the top and tie them in a large bow; this is merely for ornament, as screw eyes will be needed to fasten it to the wall.

One of the nicest ideas for a gift we have seen for some time is the photograph case which can be carried in the pocket, or used to stand as seen here. It is formed of cardboard and satin. Cut four pieces of cardboard six and a half inches by seven and a half; cut an oval opening in two, which are to form the mat or inside of the frame; cover all on both sides with silk or satin, using some dark shade for the outside, and a lighter one for the inside; overhand the backs and fronts together at the sides and bottoms, leaving the top open to slip the photograph in. Paint a few sprays of "forget-me-nots" on the mat and the name and date on the outside.

The artist's book is a sort of a deceptive present, for instead of the leaves being filled with sketches, as one might suppose, it is merely a pen-wipe. The leaves are made chamois skin, and fastened in place by running a narrow ribbon in and out through the leather and the cover. The cover is made of a piece of cardboard twelve inches long and three inches wide; cover it on both sides with dark brown silk, fold it together, and fasten the leaves in as described above. Paint something suitable on the cover.

Postage stamp holders are often seen on our library tables, but they cannot be carried in the pocket and had at a moment's notice, so we have designed one for the purpose. Cut a piece of wigan, four inches long and three inches wide, cover it with silk, fold it together so that it will be four inches long and one and a half wide, stitch it together at the ends and in two places at equal distances to form three pockets, fold it and press it with a hot iron to make it lie flat; cut three pieces of cardboard, two and half inches by one inch, fold them together, sew a loop of ribbon on the top of each—these are to hold the stamps—slip them in the pockets; paint something on the inside, and the number of the stamp each apartment is to contain.

To make the birch canoe, it is best to cut one out of paper first, so as not to waste your bark in getting it the desirable shape; it is cut whole on the bottom, overhand the ends together, and fit a piece in the top, and make an opening in it large enough to hold a small tumbler, which can easily be removed when fresh water is needed; hang it with silver wire.

The ribbon at the top of our design can be used for a book-mark, "St. Valentine's Day" being painted on in gilt letters. It is made of two shades of narrow ribbon, overhanded together within a few inches of each end, which are left flying.—[Demorest's Monthly.

WIFELY OBEDIENCE.

There is a sort of womanly obedience that that amounts to devotion. It comes only from women who are capable of great love, and from them only when it happens that they are joined to men who are fortunate enough to command their utmost respect as well as affection. If all the men in a large city were to be called together and asked to raise their right hands if they believed themselves masters of their own homes through love, it is to be feared that not more than half the arms would go up. In point of fact women are much more fond of control at home then men are, and much more likely to exercise it. It is common to hear a woman boast how she "manages" her husband, and very often—perhaps it may be said generally—her management is most judicious. In many things a woman has more tact than a man, and she is likely enough to have that superiority of judgment which fairly entitles her to obedience. It would get rid of a sort of harmless sham to give up the entire notion of married woman's subordinate position by which she owes to her husband some sort of obedience which he does not owe to her In this age and country the thing itself does not exist. A child is supposed to obey its parents and a citizen to obey the laws; but nobody supposes that, inlike a manner, a wife obeys her husband or is bound to obey him.

ARTISTIC NEEDLEWORK.

The house seems incomplete, says a lady in *South and West*, without these, and in these days of decorative needlework they may be improvised at little expense. Some very effective designs to be done in outline are now out. For instance, on a ground of old gold we would outline the conventional lines with dark brown and the leaves and flowers in double outline or in Kensington.

If the former, use a pretty shade of green and for the latter the shades of brick red. But if in the latter, in the natural colors, we should prefer the outline for these designs.

Materials for these range all the way from plush down through all the fabrics—satin, sateen, velvet, felt, cloth, canton flannel—so that they are accessible in some style and grade to all, and in proportion to the expense they add more to the furnishings of a room than any other article.

Then if we wish to go further in decorative needlework we would have tidies, table-cover or scarf next, toilet mats and splashers, and table linen in their order. Then if desired the more luxurious articles—wal panels, banners, toilet sets, picture frames, handkerchief, and toilet cases, etc.

Table linen is now so elegant, outlined with etching silk, that we are able to have this work and at less expense than the damask plain 5 o'clock tea-cloths, tray-cloths, servers, napkins, d'oylies, etc.

Pillow-shams and window drapery done in this style of work has a neat and refreshing effect, and its chief point is its small cost. The cheaper and coarser grades of material may be outlined with colored cotton. It will not fade, neither will the etching silk, with care in washing, which should be done as follows: Wash in lukewarm water, using a very little castile soap in the water, and as much as possible avoid rubbing the article. Rinse in clear, cold water, and squeeze the article in a clean, dry cloth, to dry it. Never wring it, and never use acid or alkali in washing silk Dry at once and when nearly dry place between a dry, smooth cloth with weight enough to press the article smooth.

LAMBREQUINS.

Very pretty lambrequins in crazy work can be made by using foundation material four or five inches wide, according to the use for which the lambrequin is designed, and fitting over it odd little bits of silk, satin or velvet, in approved crazy style, and buttonholing or cat-stitching down the edges with parti-colored silks, and then embroidering any pretty design in the way of birds, grasses, leaves or flowers, in gold or silver thread in outline stitch. These stripes, however, should be in shades of one color, that is, each stripe should be, or every alternate stripe, of dark and light pieces, or every alternate stripe may be of mosaic work, and over this appropriate designs in outline work, of gold and silver thread, and these joined to stripes of solid colors embroidered in ribbon, or filled in crewel work; or the alternate stripes may be of crocheted twine with ribbons run through the open work. The silk or velvet stripes should be pointed at the bottom and finished with a tassel or pompon, and stripes made of crochet twine should be square and finished with fringe.

WALKING.

Every healthy person, man or woman, should be a good walker, able at any time to walk from six to twelve miles a day at least, and for double that distance when gradually brought up to it. The points to be attended to are—to see that the walk be brisk and vigorous, not of a loitering or dangling kind; that there be some object in the walk besides its being a routine "constitutional" (*i. e.*, not like the staid promenade of the orthodox ladies' school), and, if possible, that it be in pleasant company; that there be no tight clothing, whether for the feet or body, which will constrain or impede the natural movements of the limbs and trunk; and that the walk be taken, if it be possible, in the fresh country air.

TO BEATRICE.

THE SQUIRE'S DAUGHTER.

The girl I love is just fifteen,
With face so fair and bright;
I think about her all the day,
I dream of her at night.
She never knows (how can she know?)
That I'm her lover true;
For I sit with the Bluecoat Boys,
And she's in the squire's pew.
Yet still I try her glance to meet;
Her eyes are large and gray,
There's only half a church between,
But what a world away,
My dear!
Oh, what a world away!

I watch her when the Psalms begin,
Singing so earnestly;
And I am sure I hear her voice
Ring through the chant to me.
I watch her when the vicar reads,
And when we kneel to pray.
There's only half a church between,
But what a world away,
My dear!
Oh, what a world away!

By the great pillar as she sits,
She looks so slight and fair;
The light of the stained window falls
Upon her yellow hair—
A bar of glowing amethyst!
And to myself I say;
"There's only half a church between,
But what a world away,
My dear!
Oh, what a world away."

If I were rich and I were free,
How great would be my joy!
I'd be a grand Etonian,
And not a Bluecoat Boy.
Yet, there she sits; her smile I know,
Her smile I met to-day,
There's only half a church between,
But what a world away,
My dear!
Ah, what a world away!

FIVE CENTS A DAY.

The cumulative power of money is a fact very generally appreciated. There are few men living at the age of seventy-five hanging on to existence by some slender employment, or pensioners, it may be, on the bounty of kindred or friends, but might by exercising the smallest particle of thrift, rigidly adhered to in the past, have set aside a respectable sum which would materially help them to maintain their independence in their old age. Let us take the small sum of five cents, which we daily pay to have our boots blackened, to ride in a car the distance we are able to walk, or to procure a bad cigar we are better without, and see what its value is in the course of years.

We will suppose a boy of fifteen, by blacking his own boots or saving his cherished cigarette, puts by five cents a day. In one year, he saves $18.35, which, being banked, bears interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum, compounded semi-yearly. On this basis, when our thrifty youth reaches the age of sixty-five, having set his five cents per day religiously aside during fifty years, the result is surprising. He has accumulated no less a sum than $3,983.18. A scrutiny of the progress of this result is interesting. At the age of thirty, our hero had $395; at forty, $877; at fifty, $1,677; at sixty, $2,692. After fifteen years' saving, his annual interest more than equals his original principal; in twenty-five years it is more than double, in thirty-five years it is four times as much, in forty-five years it is eight times as much, as the annual amount he puts by. The actual cash amount so added in fifty years is $912.50, the difference between that and the grand total of $3 893.18—namely, $2,970.68—is accumulated interest. What a magnificent premium for the minimum of thrift that can be well represented in figures!

Philosophy has not so much enabled men to overcome their weakness, as it has taught the art of concealing them from the world.

Contentment is a pearl of great price, and whoever procures it at the expense of ten thousand desires makes a wise and happy purchase.

They who have experienced sorrow are the most capable of appreciating joy; so, only those who have been sick, feel the full value of health.

BOOKS THAT MOLD THE FACE.

In one's intercourse with the world, he cannot fail to feel that the absence of an intellectual expression often mars the beauty, and renders unattractive those who may have naturally well formed faces and symmetrical figures. Books, it is true, of themselves are not obtrusive. To be had and enjoyed, they must be sought and read, and if the seeking and and selection be judicious and the reading systematic, the result will be beneficial, will inspire generous and tender sentiments, strengthen and improve the mind, giving to the countenance a pleasing and charming expression and a beauty as attractive as it is unfading. "The lady who is judiciously conversant with books will find," says the writer before mentioned, "her countenance improving as her mind improves and her looks ennobled as her heart is elevated, and they who select and read pure and elevating books can rest assured that their friendship will become more interesting and their attractiveness greatly increased." Physical beauty, so desirable and so often and generally to be improved by paints, cosmetics and other nostrums, is and ever must be inferior to mental; but, when the two are combined in a lady of sense, they render her conversation exceedingly interesting and her personal charms captivating, if not, indeed, irresistible.

SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT DEAF MUTES.

The hopeful theories recently advanced by Prof. Graham Bell in regard to teaching the mute to speak, and the large and liberal provision made in these days for helping the infirmities of the deaf and dumb, are in striking contrast with the treatment of the physically disabled among the most advanced nations in early times. Among the ancient Greeks deaf mutes were looked upon as a disgrace to humanity, and under the barbarous laws of Lycurgus they were exposed to death. Nor was highly cultured Athens less cruel than Sparta toward these unfortunate creatures. Deaf mute children were pitilessly sacrificed without a voice being heard in their behalf. Aristotle declared congenital deaf mutes to be incapable of instruction, and this was the universal opinion of classical antiquity. The Romans treated the unfortunates with the same cruelty as the Greeks. As soon as a child was found to be deaf and dumb it was sacrificed to the Tiber. Only those escaped whom the waves washed to the shore or whom the natural love of the parents kept hidden.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Whatever may be said about luck, it is skill that leads to fortune.

Act well at the moment, and you have performed a good action for all eternity.

We attract hearts by the qualities we display; we retain them by the qualities we possess.

Nothing more quickly consumes the vigor of life than the violence of the emotions of the mind.

The reason why men succeed who mind their own business is because there is so little competition.

Physicial pain reveals a lack of adjustment to external life. The sense of guilt reveals a lack of adjustment to moral and spiritual law.

Simple emotion will not suffice to elevate the character or improve the life. There must be strength of will, power of self-denial, persevering effort.

To know the pains of power we must go to those who have it; to know its pleasures we must go to those who are seeking it. The pains of power are real, its pleasures imaginary.

True taste is an excellent economist. She confines her choice to a few objects, and delights in producing great effects by small means; while false taste is for ever sighing after the new and rare, and reminds us in her works of the scholar of Apelles, who, not being able to paint his Helen beautiful, determined to make her fine.

PROGRESS!

"LADIES' JOURNAL."

BIBLE COMPETITION

NO. 10

In this competition we exceed any of our previous offers.

The rewards are far better arranged, and so spread over the whole time of the Competition that the opportunity for each competitor is better than ever before. In fact there is a valuable reward FOR EVERYBODY correctly answering the following

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Give first reference to the word LIFE in the Bible.

2. Give first reference to the word DEATH in the Bible.

Rewards will be given the senders of correct answers in the order they are received at the LADIES' JOURNAL office as follows:—

THE REWARDS.

FIRST SERIES.

1.—Fifty dollars in gold.
2 to 5.—Four Ladies' Solid Gold Watches.
5 to 12. Eight Ladies' Coin Silver Watches, very neat.
13 to 499.—Three hundred and eighty-seven Fine Solid Gold Gem Rings.

SECOND SERIES.

500.—A Fine Grand Square Rosewood Piano.
501.—Seventy-five dollars in Gold.
502, 3, and 4.—Three Ladies' Solid Gold Hunting Case Watches.
505, and up to the Middle correct answer of the whole Competition, will be given a Fine German Oleograph Picture, 14x20.

THIRD SERIES.

For the middle correct answer will be given ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS IN GOLD COIN.
From and after the middle, and up to number 400. will be given a volume of fiction, very interesting, bound in paper.

FOURTH SERIES.

401 to 900.—A volume of Poems richly bound in cloth and gilt, worth at retail about $2.25.
901.—A Fine Cabinet Organ, 10 Stops.
802, and up to LAST CORRECT ANSWER received, another of those Beautiful German Oleograph Pictures, an exact copy of a famous oil painting.

CONSOLATION REWARD.

To the last correct answer received in this Competition (which closes on July 15th) will be given $50 in Gold Coin. Fifteen days after date of closing will be allowed for letters to reach the LADIES' JOURNAL Office from distant points. The letters must not be post-marked where mailed later than the 15th July. So if you live almost anywhere on the other side of the Atlantic, or in distant places in the States, you will stand a good chance for this consolation reward. All persons competing must become subscribers for at least one year to the LADIES' JOURNAL, for which they must enclose, with their answers, FIFTY CENTS, the regular yearly subscription price. Those who are already subscribers will have their term extended one year for the half dollar sent. Those who cannot easily obtain scrip or post-office order for fifty cents, may remit one dollar for two years' subscription, and the JOURNAL will be sent them for that time; or for the extra money the JOURNAL will be mailed to any friend's address they may indicate.

OUR PLAN.

As fast as answers are received they are numbered in the order they come to hand. A letter containing one dollar will be given two numbers—for instance, numbers 499 and 500. The sender will therefore have a double opportunity to gain a reward. If in doubt about one answer being correct, those sending a dollar may give two answers, and their letter will be given two numbers as above stated, and will therefore have a double opportunity of gaining a handsome reward.

AN INTERESTING MAGAZINE.

The LADIES' JOURNAL contains 20 large and well-filled pages of choice reading matter, interesting to everyone, but specially so to the ladies. One or two pages of new music, (full size,) large illustrations of latest fashions, Review of Fashions for the Month, Short and Serial Stories, Household Hints, &c, &c., and is well worth double the small subscription fee asked. It is only because we have such a large (52,000) and well established circulation that we can afford to place the subscription at this low price. You will not regret your investment, as in any case you are sure to get the LADIES' JOURNAL for one year and one of those elegant volumes of poems, or one of those beautiful oleographs, or an interesting volume of fiction, or an elegant solid gold gem ring, as well as a chance of securing one of the other still more valuable and costly rewards referred to above. Everything will positively be given exactly as stated, and no favoritism will be shown anyone. The LADIES' JOURNAL has been established nearly five years, and we have been in business nine years. We can therefore be depended upon to carry out all our promises. We have always done so in the past, and cannot afford to do aught else in the future. Address, EDITOR "LADIES' JOURNAL," Toronto, Canada.

HOW AUTHORS ARE BORED.

Novelists who publish their stories from week to week are sometimes interfered with by their emotional readers. Dickens was most tearfully begged by the readers of "Old Curiosity Shop" not to let "Little Nell" die. The readers of Thackeray's "Henry Esmond" protested against the marriage of the hero to a woman who had been more like a mother than a sweetheart to him. But neither of them would consent to interfere with the fate which they had predetermined for their characters. Edmund About, the French novelist just dead, was, however, more complacent; for when the Empress Eugenie begged him to let a consumptive heroine live, he promptly cured her in the next installment and made the Empress happy. Perhaps he looked at it in the light of a command from the throne, to be legally obeyed. He has since been a Republican and might not comply so readily.

The dressy costumes for children show a decided preference for plush and velvet, or rather velveteen.

Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge; it is thinking which makes what we read ours.

It is oftenest the simplest, one hight almost say the softest, nature which refuse the world's seal, and wears its own to the end.

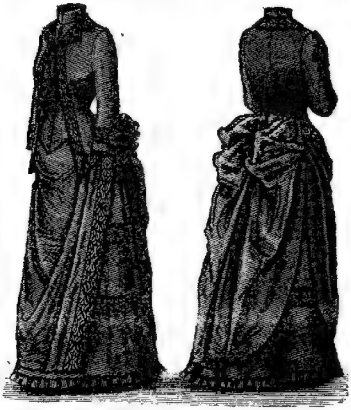
Very much of the distress and poverty that appear for aid is caused by various kinds of injustice. Whoever truly desires to lessen it cannot act more efficiently than in throwing his whole energies into the work of securing to everyone his just rights. There is no help afforded so valuable as that which promotes self-respect and independence in the one who is assisted, while the habit of being cheated and receiving bounty alternately paves the way to pauperism with all its evils.

"One good mother," says George Herbert, "is worth a hundred schoolmasters. In the home she is loadstone to all hearts and loadstar to all eyes." Imitation of her is constant—imitation which Bacon likens to a "globe of precepts. It is instruction; it is teaching without words, often exemplifying more than tongue can teach. In the face of bad example, the best precepts are of but little avail. The example is followed, not the precepts. Indeed precept at variance with practice is worse than useless, inasmuch as it only serves to teach that most cowardly of vices—hypocrisy. Even children are judges of hypocrisy, and the lessons of the parent who says one thing and does the opposite are quickly seen through. The teaching of the friar was not worth much who preached the virtue of honesty with a stolen goose in his sleeve.

IMPORTANT.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms fitted up at cost of one million dollars. $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union than at any other first class hotel in the City.

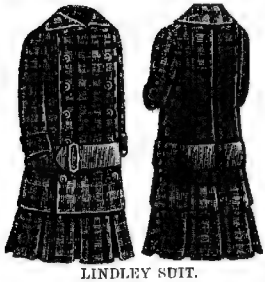
$777 A YEAR and expenses to Agents. Terms and full outfit FREE. Address, P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.



ALLERTON COSTUME.

An attractive design, appropriate for either street or house wear. The cut away jacket fronts open over a tight-fitting vest and fall in pointed shape, while the back pieces are short and the drapery is attached to them in a reversed manner just below the waist line. The front drapery is long and full, being arranged at the left side to display the folds and braid on the skirt nearly its entire length, while a portion of the trimming only is visible at the right side. Embroidered tinsel braid is used as a garniture and will be found the most desirable trimming for woolens, for which this model is especially suitable; although silk or a combination of materials is quite effective when made in this way and the trimming may be varied to accord with the material. This design is illustrated on Fig. 1 of the full-page engraving. Eight yards and five-eighths of good twenty-four inches wide will make the basque and drapery, and four yards additional will be required to trim the skirt as illustrated. The foundation skirt should be of lining and will require four yards and three-quarters. Ten yards of braid will trim as represented. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

FASHIONABLE COIFFURES.

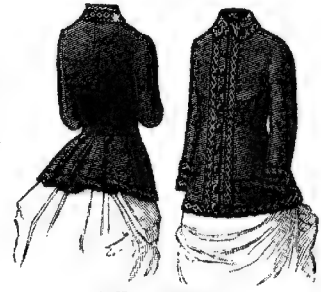


LINDLEY SUIT.

Little boys from four to six years of age look very stylish in a suit of this kind. It is comfortable and can be easily made in any of the numerous materials suitable for boys' wear. The box-plaited skirt is attached to a yoke. The double-breasted blouse has two box-plaits in the back and is completed by a turn-over collar, cuffs and a belt. Flannels, cloth of various kinds, cashmere and other varieties of woolen goods, and also pique and linen can be suitably made after this model. The front view of this suit is shown on Fig. 2 of the plate of "Children's Costumes." The size for six years will require four yards of goods twenty-four inches wide. Patterns in sizes for four and six years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

FESTA BASQUE.

This model may complete a suit made of any material, for it is not only dressy and novel but sufficiently practical to satisfy the most exacting. The *outer fronts* in Zouave style *can be omitted*, and the result will be a plain, tight-fitting basque, with pointed front and postilion back. The sleeves are set in high at the shoulders, and are completed by cuffs. The design is most effective when made as illustrated, with the outer fronts of figured or contrasting material. This is shown in combination with the "Theana" skirt on Fig. 1 of the plate of "Children's Costumes." The size for fourteen years will require two yards and one-quarter of plain goods twenty-four inches wide, and one-half yard of figured goods of the same width to make as illustrated. Patterns in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years. Price, twenty cents each.



ENLA JACKET.

The graceful simplicity of this jacket makes it a most desirable model for growing girls. The loose fronts are a trifle longer than the back pieces, which are quite tight-fitting and cut with extensions that are laid in plaits on the inside. A turn-over collar and coat sleeves complete the model, which will be found suitable for cashmere, fancy woolens, cloth, and such other materials as are used for wraps. Woolens may be appropriately trimmed with mohair or silk braids. The design is also particularly adapted for washable fabrics, and it may in this case be simply finished with machine stitching, embroidery or lace. The design is shown on Fig. 2 of the plate of "Spring Costumes," in combination with the "Theana" skirt. For the size for fourteen years, two yards and three-quarters of goods twenty-four inches wide, or one yard and three-eighths of forty-eight inches wide will be required to make the jacket, and five yards of braid will trim as illustrated. Patterns in sizes for from eight to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

MAB'S SISTER.

CHAPTER II.

Orde Castle stands in a large wooded park, surrounded by fine old trees, which for centuries have reared their stately heads, apparently in conscious grandeur and pride in their noble descent—their ancestors having been planted by the royal hand of one of Scotland's most princely champions, who, no doubt, watched with loving eyes their gradual growth in stateliness and beauty. They have seen the rise and fall of many a noble family in the hapless cause of the Stuarts. Once they beheld the grand old Castle wrapt in flames, while underneath their sheltering arms crouched the terrified inmates, and the roar of musketry made the night hideous with its knell of doom. I often wonder, if those old oaks could speak, what they would tell us of their young days. I love to sit and weave romances of the past under their shade; but all is gone by now. Orde Castle stands calm and serene, as though no hideous past had ever marred its history, no phantoms of murdered heroes and luckless dames wakened the dread echoes within its walls. Only by hearsay does one know that the mystery which is attached to the place is such as to deprive those of the Orde family to whom it is known of all enjoyment in life, rendering them for ever after grave and melancholy and old before their time.

"A penny for your thoughts, Miss Gerard!"

Mr. Oliphant's voice breaks in upon the reverie into which I have fallen, awakening me with a start from the dreams of bygone days at Orde Castle to the more prosaic present. We are walking up the broad gravel sweep leading from the lodge gate to the Castle grounds. Bob and Mr. Oliphant's two friends are on in front, deep in some plan for the morrow's sport, while Lilly and I follow under the escort of Mr. Oliphant himself, between whom and my sister a mild flirtation has sprang up, much to my amusement; for, being of a most matter-of-fact turn of mind myself, Lily's little coquetries are a source of perpetual diversion to me. Mr. Oliphant evidently thinks my silence is caused by a feeling of resentment at being left out in the cold. I can tell it by the half-deprecatory tone of his remark. I hasten to undeceive him.

"My thoughts are worth more than that, Mr. Oliphant," I say, blandly. "For, to tell them, would be to commence the first chapter of a three-volume novel which I was concocting in my own mind. I always feel inclined to feel romantic when I come here."

"I shall be delighted to pay your own sum for the pleasure of hearing you tell your romance," he says, looking amused.

I shake my head.

"No sum would be adequate to the demand. There is Millicent upon the terrace, Lily. She must have seen us, for she is waving her handkerchief."

"She is so appallingly gushing!" Lily exclaims, with a sigh. "And it is such a pity, for she is really a very nice girl."

"Is she pretty?" Mr. Oliphant asks.

"Very," I answer—"at least I think so: She is dark, like a gipsy, with beautiful eyes."

"Her nose is too large," Lily puts in clinchingly.

"Large noses, like large mouths, are a sign of candor and generosity," I reply, in like manner.

"Thank you, Miss Gerard." Mr. Oliphant speaks quietly and with a smile.

Too late Lily perceives that she has put her foot in it, and that I for once have the advantage. I had not the slightest thought of Mr. Oliphant when I made the remark, neither I am sure had she; but Lily is never discovered in a slip of the tongue. Looking sweetly up at him from under the shade of her white straw hat—the bonnet and veil have been discarded in favor of this more serviceable head-gear—she asks—

"Why do you say that, Mr. Oliphant?"

"Because Miss Gerard kindly took up the cudgels in my behalf and saved my vanity from a painful collapse."

"But what has Miss Ingram's nose to do with you?" she pursues, heedless of my frowning gesture.

"Nothing but that I suffer from the same calamity."

"You?"—Lily shrugs her shoulders. "I had not noticed it," she says, with a smile of charming flattery, at which Mr. Oliphant looks delighted and I horrified. Had not Lily told me herself, when we were in our room after luncheon, that she had never seen such an awful nose in her life as Mr. Oliphant's?

The Ingrams are delighted beyond measure to see us—or profess to be so. Millicent declares that some subtle instinct told her that her dear friends would come and see her to-day. I wonder whether she includes Bob?

"We are talking of a pic-nic to Ben Glisca this week," she informs us; "and I have written a note to you, asking you to join, and also whether you will lend us a carriage."

"Certainly—with pleasure," Bob replies eagerly, before I have time to utter a word. "My uncle left us well supplied. You can have the landau and waggonette as well, if you want them."

"Thank you; I will see about it. You are always so kind, Mr. Gerard."

Miss Ingram accompanies the words with a languishing look from her soft eyes, at which I grieve to say Bob seems delighted. I should like to box her ears! Girls are so ridiculous nowadays with their airs and graces!

"We must show you over the Castle now you are here," Mr. Ingram says, after we have partaken of five o'clock tea under the shade of an ancient chestnut on the lawn. "Millie, my dear, lead the way, and act as show-woman. There are some very curious old carvings in the dining-room. Sir Basil, you, I know, are a judge of such things."

Sir Basil bows and follows his host, who has set off at a brisk trot towards the house.

Mr. Ingram is a short thick-set man, with a bald head and a very red face, always busy and always in a hurry. He is quite a contrast to his wife, who is tall, elegant, and languid in manner. She "goes in" for being æsthetic, worships lilies and sunflowers, and talks of etherealism and the culture of the soul. I always rather avoid Mrs. Ingram as a rule; to-day I make an exception to escape from the *rôle* of "gooseberry," which thankless task—in Lily's case—is undertaken instead by Mr. Frant Oliphant. Millicent and Bob have already disappeared in the wake of Mr. Ingram and Sir Basil Archer.

"We shall be leaving here earlier than we thought," Mrs. Ingram observes. "The Ordes are coming back from Mentone in about three weeks, and of course, will not expect us to keep on here after their return."

"What a pity!" I exclaim involuntarily.

"Will not Millicent be very sorry?"

"Yes; we had hoped to remain till the middle of October; but the understanding was that we were to have the Castle only during the time of the Ordes' absence. The eldest son is ill, and the doctors think that, as soon as he is well enough to travel, the air of Scotland may accomplish what that of Mentone has failed to do. For my part I think only people of very robust natures could thrive on these moors. There is no gentle wafting of Nature's balmy fragrance to the soul—nothing but the coarser vibrations of the elements, which strike, but fail to kill."

Mrs. Ingram waves her huge peacock-feather fan to and fro with a triumphant air of having delivered a clever oration. To me—poor unæsthetic mortal!—it sounds only an unmeaning jumble of words. However, I try to look sympathetic as I murmur something about the "air being considered a good tonic."

"Yes, my dear Miss Gerard; but the word 'tonic' is so suggestive of an undue revival of the coarser elements of robust nature." She shudders. "We want something more than that."

"Oh!" I murmur again, more feebly than before. "I hope she does not include me in the "we."

"Mr. Oliphant seems rather a nice young fellow," Mrs. Ingram remarks, after a pause, descending rather abruptly to the prosaic.

"Don't you think so?"

"Ye-es—I don't know," is my rather hesitating response.

"He seems very much smitten with your sister. It will be a good match for her, as he is very rich, I am told."

"Is he?" I am beginning to wish Mrs. Ingram at the antipodes.

"Though, of course, riches count for nothing in the world of etherealism; still in that coarser existence which every one must endure who mixes with his fellow mortals, they cannot be dispensed with," remarks Mrs. Ingram sententiously.

I am wondering what reply I am expected to make to this sentiment when I am happily spared the necessity of commiting myself by our arrival at the picture, where we find the rest of the party assembled.

"Mab, come here!"

It is Lily who calls to me. She and Mr. Oliphant are standing together by the portrait of a girl, one of the by-gone Ladies Orde. I know the picture well; it took my fancy the very first time I saw it, and since then I have come often and often to look at it. And yet it is only a sad sweet face framed in an open window, one hand supporting her cheek, the other toying idly with a half-blown rose; but the face, though sorrowful, is beautiful as a poet's dream—the large blue eyes like sapphires, the lips sweet and pathetic, like those of a child.

"Mr. Oliphant wants to know why this Lily Orde should look so sad," Lily says, as I reach her side. "I told him you could enlighten him, as you are *au fait* with the family legends."

"I don't know about being *au fait*, as you call it," I reply; "but I have certainly heard that Lady Orde's married life was a very unhappy one, and that she died at twenty-three of a broken heart, caused by her husband's unkindness and neglect, and his openly-shown preference for her sister, who became his second wife."

"And you believe the tale?"

Mr. Oliphant fixes his eyes inquiringly upon my face as he asks the question; but I meet the gaze boldly.

"Yes," I answer; "I do. But"—after a pause—"the sister was well punished, for when she and her husband returned from Milan, where they had been married, nobody would visit her or take the slightest notice of her, which so preyed upon her mind—for she was a very vain woman—that she put an end to her life."

"What a melancholy history!" exclaims Mr. Oliphant. "And what became of the husband?"

"The story does not tell. I would have left him if I had been his wife. She could have had very little mind of her own," I answer, contemplating the portrait.

"Perhaps she had nowhere to go," suggests Mr. Oliphant brilliantly, whereupon Lily laughs her little silvery laugh, as though he had said something funny, while I somehow feel angry—I scarcely know why—and, turning away, concentrate my attention upon the full length portrait of a man in a Cavalier costume, plumed hat, flowing curls, and lace ruffles—a handsome man, with eyes which seem to endue the face with life, making it stand forth from the canvas like veritable flesh and blood. Looking at them, I am irresistibly reminded of those of Mr. Oliphant; there is the same half quizzical expression of scrutiny which always irritates me whenever I encounter their gaze. I cannot repress a little *moue* of defiance at the picture, as I turn away and pass on to the next.

This is the portrait of the husband of the two sisters. I wonder, as I look at it, what any girl could see in this man to love as Lady Orde must have loved him. The face is stern and cold, the lips sinister, and the eyes cruel and cunning—a face which would make one shrink into oneself whenever the owner's glance should chance to fall in one's direction.

"Who is that?" asks the voice of Mr. Oliphant behind me.

I tell him, adding—

"Isn't he ugly? I cannot fancy any woman caring for him."

"And why not?"—Mr. Oliphant smiles as he speaks.

"Because he has horrid eyes, and is cruel-looking altogether."

"And yet Lady Orde must have cared for him, or she would not have minded his perferring her sister."

"They do say that the sister murdered her," I remark, in a low tone. "I can quite believe it. I would not let my sister come near me, if I were married. At least"—noticing the look of astonishment, almost of disgust, which comes into Mr. Oliphant's face—"not if she treated me like that."

"You are not, then, an advocate for marriage with a deceased wife's sister," he questions quietly.

"Certainly not. Just think of the dissentions it would cause in many a now peaceful home, where the wife's sister takes her place as one of the family, regarding the husband in the light of a brother, which place—where she has no brothers of her own—he fills with kindly solicitude and protecting care! Once let this aspect of affairs change, and what will happen? Why, jealousy, discord, and misery!"

"I suppose it would all depend upon whether the wife were of a jealous temperament or not?" Mr. Oliphant remarks, when I pause, breathless with my long speech.

"And all wives are jealous," I answer sententiously.

Mr. Oliphant laughs amusedly.

"Then, when you are married, you do not intend to allow your sister to visit you?" he says.

"That depends. I do not think Lily would try to make me unhappy; she is too good-natured to make any one jealous."

"So I should imagine."

"Why?"

I turn and face him. We are quite alone, Lily having joined Mrs. Ingram at the other end of the gallery. I feel angry—I scarcely know why—at Mr. Oliphant's quiet acceptance of my assertion. He smiles as he meets my gaze.

"I only judge from appearances," he says.

"Then you think I am not good-natured?"

"Pardon me; I never said so."

"But you implied it. However, you are quite right; I am not nearly so sweet-tempered as Lily—I never was. And I am of a horribly jealous nature too, which she is not. Therefore, you see, you are entirely justified in preferring her society to mine." I utter the words flippantly, and with a reckless disregard as to what Mr. Oliphant may think of me, which appears to amuse him. But he only says—

"You are jumping rather quickly to conclusions, Miss Gerard. I am not aware that I have ever shown any preference for your sister's society; and your being a good or bad temper makes not the slightest difference to me, as I have the temper of an angel when nothing happens to put me out."

The words are spoken jestingly, yet nevertheless I feel that the latter part of the sentence is true enough. He looks a good-tempered man, and because of this very fact and his utter disregard of my cutting remarks I am certain we shall never be friends, for his calmness irritates me and makes me long to quarrel with him.

"You and Lily will suit each other admirably," I observe, with my usual unthinking abruptness; then, suddenly conscious that I have said what I ought not to have said, I hail the approach of Bob and Miss Ingram with frantic effusion, and for the rest of the afternoon try to forget the foregoing uncongenial *tete-a-tete* with Mr. Oliphant.

But, though buried in oblivion now, with all other minor disagreeables of my uneventful life, it was to be brought back to me in all its terrible import in the years to come, and, like the word

"So lily spoken, and so coldly heard,"

would break the golden chain of love and scatter the fragments to the four winds of heaven.

CHAPTER III.

A month has passed away, and yet we have not returned to our Rectory home. My father's *locum tenens* has begged permission to remain until the alterations in his own church at Salisbury are completed; and we have become so much attached to Trelgethlis that we are loath to leave it, although September is fast waning and the chill winds of autumn begin to moan and sigh among the trees.

The Ingrams have left Orde Castle; and Bob, who has proposed to Millicent and been accepted, has gone to town with them to pay a farewell visit to his betrothed before rejoining the regiment. The Ordes have returned to the halls of their ancestors. They are a charming family—at least, those members of it whom I have seen—namely, Lord and Lady Orde, their invalid son, the Honourable Roland Monkton, and a daughter. Miss Monkton is a pretty, unaffected girl, very clever and accomplished; we are

already great friends. There are two other sons who are daily expected; but they are younger, and, from what I have heard, I should imagine, not quite so charming; to quote the words of their sister—"They are at the awkward age when youth verges on manhood, and the stripling apes the tone and manner of a *blase* man of the world, who has seen life and wearied of it, yet still pursues its pleasures with unabating energy and reckless zeal."

Mr. Oliphant still remains at Balnibarth, and it is apparent to all persons, interested and otherwise, that the cause of his doing so and of his frequent visits to us lies with my sister Lily. I am already beginning to realise what it will be like at home without her, and to wonder how long it will be before the final words are said which will seal her engagement to Mr. Oliphant.

I wish that Sir Basil Archer did not always consider it his bounden duty to accompany his friend, because it invariably falls to my lot to entertain him, and I cannot help fancying, from his manner and the tone of his voice when addressing me, that he likes me far better than I like him. Lily is always remarking how nice it would be to be Lady Archer of Balnibarth, and I can see that mother would look favourably upon the match, for she has the highest opinion of Sir Basil; but she has always impressed upon us the fact that marriage for wealth or position alone is a grievous mistake; and I mean that nothing but love shall influence me in the choice of a husband, should so remote a contingency occur to me.

"Mab," Lily says, coming into the drawing-room one lovely morning in the beginning of October—and I notice that there is in her manner a degree of excitement quite foreign to her usual placid demeanour—"Sir Basil Archer wants us to drive to Craigie Pass his afternoon."

"Oh!" I reply indifferently, and without lifting my eyes from my crewel embroidery. "What for?"

"Why, for the fun of going, of course! How absurd you are, Mab! We are to drive on Sir Basil's drag, get our tea at the inn there, and return for dinner."

"Who are going?" I ask, as unconcernedly as before.

"Sir Basil, of course, and Mr. Oliphant, you and I, perhaps mother, if she feels up to it, father, and the Honourable Robert Monkton"—Lily laughs a little as she mentions the last name.

"What made you ask him?" I inquire, with some surprise. "We scarcely know the Ordes."

"Mr. Oliphant asked him—he was over at Balnibarth last night and expressed a wish to be of the party. We are to start after lunch. Father asked Mr. Oliphant and Sir Basil to come back to dinner to-night."

"I seems to me they come back to dinner most nights," I remark somewhat ironically.

Lily laughs.

"You are cross this morning, Mab—you always are when you have that red gown on—I wish you would go and take it off," she says; and then she picks up Gip and trips away, closing the door noisily behind her.

Am I cross, I wonder? or is it the thought of the long afternoon which I must spend by Sir Basil Archer's side, listening to the words of half-tender, half-patronising badinage with which he usually beguiles our *tete-a-teles*, which causes me to rise and throw my work aside, directly I am left alone again? I think I shall contrive to stay at home, much as I desire to visit the far-famed Craigie Pass, where it is supposed that Scotland's hero, the immortal Wallace, with only twenty followers, defeated two hundred chosen men of Edward's army, the flower of English chivalry. The very spot is shown where, upon a projecting piece of headland overlooking the glen, he watched the advance of his foes, and bade his followers "mark the robber knaves who would return whence they came no more!"

When the party assembles for luncheon, however, I find that my resolutions are scattered to the winds. The day is so fine, the well-appointed drag, with its splendid thoroughbreds and glittering harness, looks so tempting for a drive; and, when Mr. Oliphant comes up, and, in his low winning tones, begs me not to deprive them of my company, I cannot bring myself to say I will not go.

The drive to Craigie Pass is one of the most beautiful in Scotland. All around us are the giant mountains towering to the sky; below lie the peaceful valleys, with here and there a tiny village slumbering in a sheltered nook beneath the barren rocks. The sun shines brightly above our heads, almost too brightly, Lily seems to think, for her large parasol is held well down over her face, and Sir Basil Archer, by whose side she sits, and who is dividing his attention between her and his fiery steeds, has to bend down very low to catch what she is saying to him.

Mr. Oliphant and I are side by side just behind them; it is somewhat of a puzzle to me how this arrangement came to pass; but I am thankful for the fact, nevertheless. I am so tired of Sir Basil, and even Mr. Oliphant's half moody silence is a relief from the former's overwhelming attentions. I sit and gaze rapturously upon the glorious scenery through which we are passing, drinking in the mountain air, filled with the scent of pines and heather, and letting my imaginative mind wander as usual far away in a world of my own conception, a world peopled with the heroes and heroines of my own fertile brain.

We reach at last the small inn at which we are to put up the horses, and proceed on foot along the rocky mountain-path towards the Craigie Rock. This time Robert Monkton is my companion, a simple minded youth, fresh from college, who entertains me with an account of the Cowes Regatta and his own exploits as one of an Oxford "eight" in a match at Henley against a crew of the London Rowing Club, in which the latter had been beaten by four lengths. From this subject we have just passed to lawn-tennis, when a turn in the road brings us upon a scene which puts everything else out of my head. From a broad natural plateau formed out of the rock, one looks down upon the beautiful valley of Craigiemuir, lying far beneath our feet. The wild rugged rocks seem to tower to the sky, while down their glistening sides rolls the roaring waterfall, leaping and dashing into the valley below. The brisk mountain breezes stir the tall pine trees whose whispering mingles with the noise of the cascade, suggesting the presence of the gnomes and spirits of evil said to inhabit the mountains in this part of the world.

"How beautiful!" I exclaim involuntarily.

"Awfully jolly," responds the Oxonian by my side—"but rather too awfully lonely, don't you think? I prefer the Thames scenery, don't you know—it's more sociable."

"Yes, it would be rather more in your line, I should imagine!" I retort snappishly; and Mr. Monkton opens his pale blue eyes in wonder at the "brusquerie" in my manner.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SHOP GIRLS' FRIENDS.

If American ladies really want to make the proprietors of the big dry goods stores provide seats for the saleswomen—or saleladies, if that is the proper term—they can probably do so by following the example of the London ladies. In that city ladies sign and transmit to the managers of the shops where they deal a petition like this: "Sir, it would give great satisfaction to a large and increasing number of your lady customers if in your otherwise admirably-managed establishment you would provide sliding seats wherever women are employed behind counters. It is certain that all women must ultimately suffer from prolonged standing, and, as in the business shops there are moments when business is slack, it is hoped that you will see your way to attaching seats to the counter, on which they might rest while sorting buttons, tidying boxes, or other work not requiring a standing position. In the inclosed list of ladies you will recognize some of your best customers, while all deal at your shop; and they would not only continue their custom, but persuade their friends to do the same. It is hoped that you will return a favorable answer or at least state any difficulties you may have to contend with." Thus far the plan has worked admirably, and a good many swinging seats have been introduced.

USEFUL HINTS.

Tough meat may be made as tender as any by the addition of a little vinegar to the water when it is put on to boil.

Half a teaspoonful of common table salt; dissolved in a little cold water and drank, will instantly relieve heartburn.

The general rule for roasting is to allow fifteen minutes to a pound with a good fire, and ten or twenty minutes over as the family like it well done or not.

If you cut the back legs of your chair two inches shorter than the front ones, the fatigue of sitting will be great y relieved and the spine placed in better position.

Tinware that is stained with fruit or otherwise tarnished, may be cleaned by dipping a dampened cloth in cooking soda, rubbing briskly, rinsing in hot water and wining dry.

WOUNDS.—Close the wound quickly and apply adhesive plaster; if it bleeds too freely, apply a compress over it with bandage; if this fails, tie a bandage tight around the limb, above the wound.

Beat the white of an egg, just enough to break the particles, put in a jar, shell and all, and add more than a pint of water. Set in a cool place, and it will be ready to clear the coffee, and will keep for several days.

CREAM PUFFS.—One pint boiling water; while boiling stir in one cupful of butter, two heaping cups of flour and eight eggs, yelks and whites beaten separately. Stir until well mixed, then take off the fire. When cool stir in one teaspoonfu of soda. Now drop in gem pans and bake in hot oven.

To take ink stains from furniture put a few drops of spirits of nitre in a tablespoonful of water, and touch the spots, using a feather. Then wash off instantly with a little cold water and rub dry. Do not make the mixture too strong at first, but if the ink does not entirely disappear add a drop or two more of the nitre and apply again, always being sure to wash with cold water to prevent the nitre from leaving a white spot.

BOSTON TOASTED CRACKERS.—This is a very palatable breakfast dish. To make it, split six Boston butter crackers and soak them in cold water until they begin to swell; remove from the water and drain on a plate. Butter the bottom of a flat baking pan very lightly. Spread the crackers in this pan, crust side down, and put them into a hot oven for ten minutes. In that time they should turn a delicate brown. Remove them from the oven, butter them lightly, and place them on a dish ready for oysters. It makes the crackers richer, of course, to soak them in milk instead of water. They are very nice served with oyster soup, panned oysters, fricasseed oysters, oysters in the shell, and oyster santee. The crackers may be toasted over the fire instead of in the oven.

HAIR CULTIVATION.

In Switzerland, Norway, and Germany, hair cultivation is quite a thriving trade. The Swiss girls seem to be most abundantly favored, the blonde color so prevalent among them being in high favor. Prices range from twenty-five to eight dollars an ounce, according to length, higher prices still being given in cases of exceptional beauty and thickness. The merchant is generally an old woman, who makes her journey through the villages once a year. Could not the flowing locks of female criminals be thus utilized, in mitigation of their expense to the country.

MOTHERS' APRONS.

Pretty aprons of white scrim are made for the mother to wear while holding her infant. They are bordered with insertions of narrow ribbons of two or three colors, and are edged with Smyrna or Valenciennes lace. Imported aprons are of Swiss muslin with fine embroidery all around the edge, and an embroidered pocket; the top is gathered in a puff, and blue ribbon is passed through it for a waistband and string. Inexpensive aprons are made of the sprigged muslin with a deep flounce across the foot.

CARE OF BABIES.

For the benefit of ladies who have little to do but "fuss with the baby" we give the following from *Harper's Bazar:* Your baby's garments should be loose and frequently changed. As children of an early age require much warmth the best material for their underclothing is soft, fine flannel. Be sure you have your baby's nightgown made of flannel, with a long skirt, for, like all children, he will certainly be apt to toss off his bedclothes at night, and it is therefore necessary he should be protected against any chill that might ensue before you awake and can cover him up again. You must be careful to keep his feet warm all day and night, and for this purpose nothing will be found so useful as knitted woollen socks. Let him always sleep in his crib beside your bed, but not with you in your own bed. Keep him out of currents of air, and be careful not to place his crib between a window and door. Until he is fully three years old he will want to sleep the greater part of the day. Six hours every day should be passed by him in slumber, besides the repose of the night. But if at any time, either night or day, he should not seem inclined to sleep when he is laid down for the purpose, do not rock him. Rocking induces slumber, it is true, but it congests the blood-vessels of the brain, which are in childhood singularly susceptable and delicate. Take the child in your arms if he will not sleep, sing to him, or put him on a mattress in front of the fire, and let him feel the warmth of the flames on his body. Children are often sleepless because they are cold.

Twice a day, morning and evening, let your baby have a bath of soft water. The water must be tepid, about 85 or 90 degrees Fahrenheit. For the morning bath use unscented soap, making a lather of it and applying it plentifully over the whole body, the head included. In the evening you do not need the soap. Be sure you do not use hard water, containing alkalide salts, for your child's bath. Immediately after he is washed envelop him in a warmed Turkish towel, and rub him all over thoroughly and briskly. Then powder him from head to foot with simple violet powder, taking care to purchase the best quality you can procure. As soon as the child is dressed in the morning, or even before he is dressed, if the weather be not too cold, put him on his mattress before the fire, and let him kick there to his heart's content. If this is done before he is dressed he should be loosely wrapped in flannel in such a way as not to impede his free movements. As he grows older let him crawl about as he likes, only mind that no pins are dropped about on the floor, and that all draughts are carefully excluded from under doors and windows. Exercise, untrammeled and vigorous, is as necessary in infancy as in adult age. In fine weather you must see that your baby gets taken out into the open air once every day about noon, for an hour, well protected from cold, but without any constriction about the throat. Cloaks or tippets hanging from the neck are most injurious. The free passage of the air in the windpipe is thereby hindered and choking may ensue. We hope you get plenty of sunshine and air in your nursery. While the nurse and baby are out for their walk open the windows of their room, and, unless the weather be too cold, do the same again later in the day while you take the baby into the drawing-room for a change. Sunshine, remember, is the best thing possible for your child, and you should let him have all you can of it. Fire warmth is the next best thing, but nothing can compensate for the want of sun heat and light. Mind you keep an efficient nursery guard before your fire, and burn wood, if you can get wood, rather than coal.

If you have a shabby waste-basket that is not broken cover it with gold bronze or paint and ornament it to suit your fancy. If you wish to make it really fine cover it with a coat of mucilage; then, while it is still damp, sprinkle rice or sage or barley over it; when quite dry gild or bronze it. Small baskets may be treated the same way. Shabby picture-frames may be made "as good as new" in the same manner.

ARTEMUS WARD'S COURTSHIP.

'Twas a carm, still night in Joon. All natur was husht, and nary zeffer disturbed the sereen silens. I sot with Betsy Jane on the fense of her father's pastur. We'd been romping threw the woods, kullin flours and driving the woodchuck from his Native Lair (so to speak) with long sticks. Wall, we sot thar on the fense, a-swinging our feet two and fro, blushing as red as the Baldinsville skool-house when it was first painted, and lookin' very simple I make no doubt. My left arm was ockepied in ballinsin myself, on the fense, while my right was wounded luvingly round her waist. I cleared my thr at, and said in a tremblin' tone,—

"Betsy, you're a gazelle!"

I thought that air was putty fine. I waited to see what effect it would hav upon her. It evidently did not fetch her, for she up and sed,—

"You're a sheep!"

"Betsy," sez I, "I think very muchly of you."

"I don't b'leeve a word you say—so there, now, cum!" with which obsarvashun she hitched away from me.

"I wish thar was winders to my sole," sed I, "so that you could see some of my feelins. There's fire enuff in here," sed I, striking my buzzum with my fist, "to bile all the corn beef and turnips in the naberhood. Versoovius and the Critter ain't a circumstans!"

She bowd her hed down, and commenst chawin the strings of her sun-bunnit.

"Ah, could you know the sleeplis nites I worry threw on your account, how vittles has seized to be attractive to me, and how my limbs has shrunk up, you wouldn't dowt me. Gase on my waistin form, and these 'ere sunken cheeks—"

"I should have continnered on in this strane probly for some time, but I unfornitly lost my ballunse and fell over into the pastur ker smash, tearin my close, and severerly damagin myself ginerally. Betsy Janes sprung to my assistance in dubble quick time and dragged me 4th. Then, drawin herself up to her full hite, she sed,—

"I won't listen to your nonecents no longer. Jes say right strate out what you're drivin at. If you mean gettin hitched, I'm in!"

I considered that air enuff for all practical purpusses, and we proceeded immejitely to the parson's, and was made 1 that very nite.

DO NOT WAIT.

Do not wait to become more learned; do not wait to become perfect in your own strength, which is impossible; do not wait for any miraculous work on your soul; do not wait to accomplish this or that plan; do not wait for a more convenient season, for none will be offered. If your mind has been drawn to your religious duty, and you have a simple desire to know and love the Lord our Saviour, then fear to repress such desire lest it should never return. The gracious Saviour, to begin at once His work upon your soul, only demands from you the desire to receive His pardoning grace, and allow Him to mould you more and more after His own likeness. He is no hard master watching for opportunities to condemn. He is a gentle Saviour waiting to prepare you for His grace, waiting for the smallest yielding on your part to draw you fully to Himself. Without your full and free consent He will not bestow His gifts, leaving you to reap the fruits of your own choice.

Burdock Blood Bitters is the most natural and agreeable laxative and regulating tonic for Constipation of the bowels, and never fails to be beneficial.

Little girls' evening dresses are beautifully trimmed with silver braid and swan's down.

Mrs. J. Fraser, of Pickering, was cured of general debility by Burdock Blood Bitters. She speaks of it in words of greatest praise for what it did for her case.

All velvet dresses for evening wear are made of two kinds of the same color, a brocaded and a plain velvet.

A GREAT PROBLEM.

—*Take* all the Kidney and Liver *Medicines*,
—Take all the *Blood* purifiers,
—Take all the *Rheumatic* remedies,
—Take all the *Dyspepsia* and indigestion *cures*,
—Take all the *Ague*, Fever, and bilious *specifics*,
—Take all the *Brain* and Nerve force *reviverg*
—Take all the *Great* health restorers.
—*In short*, take all the best qualities of all these, and the *—best*
—*Qualities* of all the best medicines in the world, and you will find that—*Hop*
—*Bitters* have the best curative qualities and powers of all *—concentrated*
In them, and that they will cure when any or all of these, singly or—*combined*
—Fail. A thorough trial will give positive proof of this.

HARDENED LIVER.

Five years ago I broke down with kidney and liver complaint and rheuma ism. Since then I have been unable to be about at all. My liver became hard like wood; my limbs were puffed up and filled with water.

All the best physicians agreed that nothing could cure me. I resolved to try Hop Bitters; I have used seven bottles; the hardness has all gone from my liver, the swelling from my limbs, and it has *worked a miracle* in my case; otherwise I would have been in my grave. J. W. MOREY, Buffalo, Oct. 1, 1881.

POVERTY AND SUFFERING.

"I was dragged down with debt, poverty and suffering for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring.

I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I commenced using Hop Bitters, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have seen a sick day since, and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost. I know it."—A WORKMAN.

☞None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

Ague, Malarial and Bilious Complaints so prevalent in the Spring and Fall may be prevented and cured by a timely use of Burdock Blood Bitters to purify and tone the system.

Bonnets are worn with train dresses at full-dress receptions and church weddings.

GLASTONBURG, ONT., Oct. 21st.
EGAN IMPERIAL TRUSS CO.
GENTLEMEN.—I tried several appliances for my little seven year old boy—ruptured about four years, without avail, but your Truss cured him completely in six weeks. You may use this letter if it will be an encouragement for parents having children similarly afflicted to know where to get a good thing.

Truly yours,
WM. RUTTAN,
Postmaster.

Trains are worn at receptions and church weddings this winter.

A LARGE per centage of fatal diseases may be traced to their origin in the Kidneys. Burdock Blood Bitters act powerfully and healthfully upon the Urinary Organs.

Jewelled pins are the favorite ornament for the hair with evening dress.

T. Walker, Toronto, recommends Burdock Blood Bitters as an invigorator of the liver and kidneys, and for poverty of the blood from any cause. It cured him.

The newest skirts are perfectly plain, falling in straight lines from the waist to the hem.

Mr. G. W. Macully, Pavilion Mountain, B. C., writes: "Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is the best medicine I ever used for Rheumatism. Nearly every winter I am laid up with Rheumatism, and have tried nearly every kind of medicine without getting any benefit, until I used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. It has worked wonders for me, and I want another supply for my friends, &c."

Small ostrich tips are more fashionable than flowers for evening wear in the coiffure.

A MAN'S LIFE SAVED.

I would not be doing justice to the afflicted if I withheld a statement of my experience with Jaundice, and how I was completely cured by using

NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY.

No one can tell what I suffered for nine weeks, one third of which I was confined to my bed, with the best medical skill I could obtain in the city trying to remove my affliction, but without even giving me temporary relief. My body was so sore that it was painful for me to walk. I could not bear my clothes tight around me, my bowels only operated when taking purgative medicines, my appetite was gone, nothing would remain on my stomach and my eyes and body were as a guinea. When I ventured on the street I was stared at or turned from with a repulsive feeling by the passer-by. The doctors said there was no cure for me. I made up my mind to die, AS LIFE HAD LOST ALL ITS CHARMS. One day a friend called to see me and advised me to try Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. I thought if the doctors could not cure me, what is the use of trying the Discovery, but after deliberating for a time I concluded to give it a trial, so I procured a bottle and commenced taking it three times a day. JUDGE OF MY SURPRISE, at the expiration of the third day to find my appetite returning. Hope gave place to despair and I persevered in following the directions and taking Hot Baths two or three times a week until I had used the fifth bottle. I then had no further need for the medicine that had SAVED MY LIFE—that had restored me to health—as I was radically cured. The natural colour had replaced the dingy yellow, I could eat three meals a day, in fact the trouble was to get enough to eat. When I commenced taking the Discovery my weight was only 132½ lbs., when I finished the fifth bottle it was 172½ lbs., or an increase of about ½ lb. per day, and I never felt better in my life. No one can tell how thankful I am for what this wonderful medicine has done for me. It has rooted out of my system every vestige of the worst type of Jaundice, and *I don't believe there is a case of Jaundice, Liver Complaint or Dyspepsia that it will not cure.*

(Signed), W. LEE, Toronto.

THE three important out-lets of disease, are the Skin, the Bowels, and the Kidneys. See that their proper functions are performed. Burdock Blood Bitters regulates them all.

Trains must not be worn by dancers.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

Dressed dolls are cheapar this year.

The editor of the Mitchell *Recorder* states that he was cured of biliousness, liver derangement and sick headache by the use of Burdock Blood Bitters.

A novelty in toys is the educational wagon.

Those who suffer from Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Constipation, Headache or any irregular action of the Stomach and Liver should resort at once to the use of Burdock Blood Bitters.

Bonnets grow more and more harrowing in ugliness.

The Rock on which many a constitution goes to pieces is Dyspepsia. The loss of vigor which this disease involves, the maladies which accompany it, or which are aggravated by it, the mental despondency which it entails, are terribly exhaustive of vital stamina. Its true specific is Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, which likewise overcomes bilious maladies, female ailments, and those coupled with impurity of the blood.

Embroidered tulle is the favorite tissue for ball dresses.

Rev. Wm. Stout, of Wiarton, was afflicted with a terrible Scrofulous Abscess for 23 years. Cured by Burdock Blood Bitters after the best medical skill had failed.

Building blocks come in improved forms and at lower prices.

Joseph Ruban, Percy, writes: "I was induced to try Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for a lameness which troubled me for three or four years, and I found it the best article I ever used. It has been a great blessing to me." Frauds may imitate Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil in appearance and name, but in everything else they are dead failures.

Hats are horribly defiant and unbecoming with all the trimmings toppling over the forehead, which is still adorned with Skye terrier fringes.

A. E. Hall, Toronto, certifies to a cure of serious lung complaint with consumptive symptoms rapidly developing. The only remedy used was Burdock Blood Bitters.

Opossum comes up among other American furs this winter.

WORK FOR ALL! $5 to $8 per day easily made. Costly outfit FREE. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

60 ELEGANT CHROMO OR FIFTY transparent cards, no two alike, with your name printed neatly on them, for 10 cents. C. H. HOBDEN, 135 River Street, Toronto.

RUPTURE
EGAN'S IMPERIAL TRUSS

THE LAST AND BEST WITH a Spiral Spring ever invented. Never tips or moves from position even the sixteenth of an inch. Cures every child and eight out of every ten of adults. Guaranteed to hold the worst form of hernia during the hardest work, or money refunded. Worn day and night in comfort even by an infant. Enclose stamp and read cure for yourself. For full information, call or address, EGAN IMPERIAL TRUSS CO., 23 Adelaide St East, Toronto, Ont.

50 Chromo Advertising Cards all different for 15c. WM. M. DONALDSON & CO., 113 Main St., Cin., O.

Diamonds, instead of orange buds and blossoms, are the popular wear this season. The diamonds are worn in the ears, on the arms, neck, and bosom, as well as in the hair; the orange flowers loop the laceruffles.

Pleasant as syrup; nothing equals it as a worm medicine; The name is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. The greatest worm destroyer of the age.

The leather satchel should never be carried by a lady, save when travelling, or for morning housekeeping calls on the baker and butcher. It is an American vulgarism to use a leather satchel for street promenade

Mr. T. C. Wells, Chemist and Druggist, Port Colborne, Ont., writes: "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure sells well, and gives the best of satisfaction for all diseases of the blood." It never fails to root out all diseases from the system, cures Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, etc., purifies the blood, and will make you look the picture of health and happiness.

The handsomest dresses for brides are of white silk and white satin duchesse, with paraments of white plush and trimmings of laces, real Valenciennes, point de Brussels, or Malines.

Mrs. J. G. Robertson, Toronto, suffered from general debility, loss of appetite, and says, "Life was almost burdensome" until cured by Burdock Blood Bitters.

Dancing dresses are *de rigueur* short.

SCROFULA is a diseased condition of the glandular system, a depraved condition of the fluids, resulting in bad blood, Swellings, Sores, Ulcers, etc. Cure—Burdock Blood Bitters.

"TRUTH" PREVAILS!

NO. 14.

BIBLE COMPETITION.

About two years ago the publisher of TRUTH, Toronto, resolved to make a great effort to extend the circulation and influence of his journal to the fullest possible extent, and hit on the expedient of offering a large number of splendid premiums for correct answers to Bible questions. As the effort met with fair encouragement he has ever since continued, from time to time, similar offers, determined to carry out every promise to the very letter, and promptly pay every prize offered. As his publication is a permanent institution, an old-established and widely-circulated journal, and he has staked his all in its success, he is fully alive to the fact that the scheme must be carried out fairly and honorably without favor or partiality to any one.

This has been done in the past, and it will be done in the future. Within the last two years the publisher of TRUTH has, among other rewards, given out about $3,000 in cash, 25 pianos, 25 organs, 500 gold watches, 500 tea sets, 500 silver watches, besides many other valuable articles too numerous to enumerate here.

No other publisher in America, if in the world, has ever paid out anything approaching this in the same manner, and few others have ever so extensively advertised.

The result is that full confidence has now been established in the honorableness of the scheme, and the reliability of the publisher. TRUTH now circulates in every Province in the Dominion of Canada and in nearly every State of the American Union, besides having a large circulation across the Atlantic.

Among former competitors are the leading citizens of the country—the most respected ministers, public officers, professional men, ladies of every station, and people of nearly all classes. Large lists of those successful in former competitions, have appeared and are still appearing each week in TRUTH. Any of those names may be referred to in regard to what has been done.

A GOOD GUARANTEE.

Reader, you need not have any misgivings about this offer. The publisher has been in business for nine years as a publisher, and has always honorably met every engagement and fulfilled all his promises. Though money has been actually lost on this scheme, in order to carry it out squarely, yet the publisher is not dissatisfied with the result, as his journal has been splendidly established, and his own business reputation well built up. A good guarantee for the future now lies in the fact that *he cannot now afford to do otherwise than honorably carry out his promises*, as to fail at all would forfeit the result of the efforts of nearly a whole business life time.

The following Bible Questions are propounded:

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Give first reference to the word MARRIAGE in the Bible.
2. Give first reference to the word DIVORCE in the Bible.

Correct answers to these questions must be sent in not later than first day of July, 1885, (inclusive) accompanied by one dollar for four months' subscription to TRUTH.

THE REWARDS.

In order to give every one, living anywhere, a fair chance to obtain one of these rewards, they have been distributed equally over the whole time of the competition, in four sets as follows:

FIRST SERIES.—All correct answers from one to six hundred.

SECOND SERIES.—Correct answers from six hundred to the middle answer.

THIRD SERIES.—From middle answer of the whole lot.

FOURTH SERIES. — Consolation awards t the last two hundred received.

WHAT IS NOW OFFERED.

The *first reward* in each of above series will be $100 in gold.

The *second reward* in each series will be $50 in gold.

The *third reward* in each series will be a genuine solid gold watch, positively from the very best makers.

The *fourth reward* in each series will be a fine, ten-stop cabinet organ, (worth about $250.)

For all other correct answers in first series a beautifully bound volume of Shakespeare's complete works, or one of the great poets.

For all other correct answers in Second Series a beautiful German oleograph picture.

For all other correct answers in Third and Fourth Series a volume of fiction, averaging about 200 pages each.

HOW AWARDS ARE MADE.

In every instance when an answer is received it is at once numbered in the order it came in, booked and filed, and at the close the correct answers are carefully selected and rewards are given, no matter to whom or to where they go. There is positively no deviation from this rule. All may be assured of this. The Prime Minister or the President must take his chances equally with the school boy, or the Miss of ten years.

HOW TO SEND.

Don't lose a day about looking up the questions and sending them in, although your chance is equally good anytime between now and 1st July. Send in each case a money order for one dollar, or registered letter with the money enclosed, and the answer written out clear and plainly, with your full name and correct address. Bear in mind every one must send a dollar, for which TRUTH will be sent for four months. Present subscribers competing will have their term extended, or the magazine will be sent to any other desired address.

WHAT YOU ARE SURE OF.

A valuable reward will be given to *every one* correctly answering the Bible questions. Besides this you are sure to get TRUTH for four months for the dollar sent and that alone is well worth the money. Hundreds of letters are being sent by present readers assuring the publisher that they would not be without TRUTH for many times the subscription price. TRUTH is a Weekly Magazine of current literature, containing 28 large and well-printed pages each week, of such original and select matter as will suit every taste, and not in the slightest degree objectionable to any, but of a high moral tone. Address, plainly, S. FRANK WILSON, 33 & 35 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, Canada.

CARDS New and Beautiful styles for 1885. Send 5c. for Agent's Sample Book and Special terms. 50 Embossed, Perfumed, Hidden Name, &c., Cards, 8c., 7 packs and Agent's Sample Book 50c. Blank Cards at wholesale prices. Northford Card Co., Northford, Conn.

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A GOLD WATCH.

A Gentleman's Solid Gold Stem-Winding and Stem-Setting Genuine Elgin Watch, Given away Every Week by "Truth" for the Best Short Story, Original or Selected.

Read This Remarkable Offer!

The publisher of *Truth*, ever on the alert to secure the best that can be obtained, regardless of cost, is giving every week one gentleman's Solid Gold Stem-winding and Stem-setting Genuine *Elgin* Watch, valued at about $90, to the person sending the best selected or original short story which, in the judgment of the editor, is thought suitable for publication in *Truth*.

Only two conditions are attached to this offer.

1st. The story need not necessarily be the work of the sender, but may be selected from any newspaper, magazine, book or phamplet wherever found, and may be either written or printed matter, so long as it is legible.

2nd. The sender must become a subscriber for *Truth* for at least *six months*, and must, therefore, send one dollar along with the story, together with name and address clearly given. Present subscribers competing will have their term extended an additional half year for the dollar sent.

If two persons happen to send in the same story the *first one received* at *Truth* office will have the preference.

The offer is now open and stories are being published each week for which a watch is given. Look up something good and send it in.

Address, EDITOR'S PRIZE STORY, TRUTH office, Toronto, Canada.

N.B. Make all postoffice and other cheques, drafts, etc., payable to S. FRANK WILSON, the publisher.

$20.00 IN GOLD

GIVEN EVERY WEEK.

The publisher of TRUTH, that well-known, popular and widely-circulated 28-page weekly magazine, is giving away TWENTY DOLLARS IN GOLD every week to the person sending him the best joke, short sketch, item, or bit of advice, suitable for publication in his TID-BIT PAGE.

It is his aim to make TRUTH the most interesting and entertaining magazine published in the world, and is certainly not afraid to spend money liberally to secure that end.

Two conditions only are attached to the offer:

1. All persons competing must send ONE TID-BIT only (the one among their collection they think is the best.)

2. Everyone competing must become subscribers to TRUTH for at least three months, for which a half dollar must be enclosed along with the TID-BIT.

The article, or Tid-Bit, need not necessarily be the work of the sender, but may be selected from any pamphlet, book, newspaper, magazine or other periodcial, wherever found, and should be pasted or otherwise attached to a sheet of paper on which is written the name and post-office address of the sender. If two or more persons happen to send in the same article, the *first one received* will have the preference if it is considered by the editor as worthy of the prize offered.

The offer is open now and until further notice, and the prize TID-Bits will be published every week on TID-BIT Page in TRUTH.

The name of the sender and address in full will also be published immediately following the article, so that all can see that there is no fraud in the matter.

Address, EDITOR PRIZE TID-BITS, TRUTH Office, Canada.

N. B.—Make all post-office orders, cheques or drafts payable to the publisher, S. FRANK WILSON.

A HOME DRUGGIST

TESTIFIES.

Popularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city, state, and country, and among all people, as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The following letter from one of our best-known Massachusetts Druggists should be of interest to every sufferer:—

RHEUMATISM. "Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism, so severe that I could not move from the bed, or dress, without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. Have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public. E. F. HARRIS."

River St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

SALT RHEUM. GEORGE ANDREWS, overseer in the Lowell Carpet Corporation, was for over twenty years before his removal to Lowell afflicted with Salt Rheum in its worst form. Its ulcerations actually covered more than half the surface of his body and limbs. He was entirely cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. See certificate in Ayer's Almanac for 1883.

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Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

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An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this receipt, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester N. Y.*

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FIFTH---Our Stock of Tapestry Carpets is Superior to any on this continent.

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EIGHTH---Being direct importers and cash buyers we are in a position to sell carpets retail at and below wholesale prices.

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